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FLASHBACK

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Jacob Smith, Horticulturist 1
Cush's Trek to Texas, Part 2 5
Queries 20
Cove Creek - Cane Hill, 1880's 22
Eastside Fayetteville Square 24
School District #145 26
Three West County Gentlemen 30
Two Stirman Brothers 32
Washington County Seal 37
More About the Hannah Family 38
The Starrs of Old Starr Hill 40
More About the Wests 42
Horticulturist Update 45
Old-Time Recipes 46
Early Marriages 48

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FLASHBACK

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Volume 32 ★ Number 2

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Jacob M. J. Smith Pioneer Horticulturist

by C. Allan Brown

Editor's Note: C. Allan Brown is a landscape architect who has a special interest in 19th century landscape gardening. He has recently developed landscape plans for Old Washington Historic State Park in Hempstead County and, in association with William Lake Douglas, the Arkansas Territorial Restoration in Little Rock. He previously appeared in FLASHBACK in November 1980 and that article "The Benjamin F. Johnson Residence - Middle Fork Valley" won the Arkansas State Historical Association award as best in the state that year.

In 1836, Jacob M.J. Smith (born in Denmark in 1799) and two fellow countrymen, Asmus Outzen and John Kneudson, left their homes in Pennsylvania and made their way to the newly established state of Arkansas. From available county records, we know that Asmus Outzen (1805-186?) and John Kneudson (1804-1872) were permanent residents of Fayetteville. Outzen operated a wagon-making business. He never married. Kneudson was a farmer who also ran a confectionery shop. He married Cynthia Ann Applegate in Fayetteville, October 7, 1847. They had no children.

Arriving in Fayetteville during the autumn of that first year of statehood, Jacob Smith purchased for $1,500 the original log cabin and 160 acres settled by William Skelton. This tract of land was located along the meandering banks of Skull Creek two miles north of the young community, near where the Coca Cola bottling plant stands today (E½ of SE¼ of Sec. 34, and W½ of SW¼ of Sec. 35, T 17N, R 30W).

During the subsequent 42 years that Jacob resided there, he transformed the

old log cabin and its brushy surroundings into a neat, weather-boarded cottage set amidst vines, fruit trees, and flower gardens. The *Fayetteville Democrat* reported that Jacob immediately "went to work to beautify and adorn the grounds, which were afterwards known as 'Smith's Flower Garden'. He planted the choicest fruit, ornamental shrubs, and rarest flowers, and very soon it became to Fayetteville what Shaw's garden is to St. Louis — a place of resort for those who admire the beautiful." W.S. Campbell in his *100 Years of Fayetteville* also relates that many citizens "used to ride out there in parties to buy flowers for weddings, parties, and funerals", and it was not uncommon for students from Arkansas College or the Ozark Institute to be met "at the garden gate with a smile of welcome and after seating them upon his humble stoop, (Jacob) at once busied himself to prepare a lovely bouquet for their sweethearts."

According to the *Fayetteville Democrat* of June 4, 1870, although he was reputed to be "a general favorite with the young ladies", Jacob remained a bachelor throughout his long life. Campbell explains that he was "crossed in love in his native land" and that he "came to these western shores for solace...tossed himself into this strange land seeking oblivious life...expressing the sorrow of his life in flowers."

In 1860, Jacob's solitary lifestyle was interrupted when his 27-year-old nephew from Denmark, John Anthony Jacobson, came to live with him. John worked as a laborer in his uncle's nursery until Jacob's death on September 29, 1878 at age 79. J.A. Jacobson (1833-1911) was a permanent resident of Fayetteville. Like his uncle, he never married. For a number of years before his death, Jacobson operated a gun and locksmith business on the east side of the Fayetteville square.

It seems appropriate that Jacob was "laid to rest in his own beautiful garden — among the roses he'd tended so long; a fit resting place for one whose life was devoted to their propagation and culture." So said his obituary in the *Fayetteville Democrat*.

Today, with our often overly-austere perspective on the rigors of pioneer life, it may seem surprising that a man could actually make a living growing fruit and flowers in a small, frontier community such as Fayetteville. However, Jacob Smith's nursery business was apparently quite successful, with assets in excess of $9,000 by 1860. It also becomes apparent, after reading the letter which follows, that Jacob was an educated man who endeavored to keep in touch with the world beyond the Ozark hills. It was remarked that "he was fond of reading and took a deep interest in the affairs of his adopted country, as well as those of his native land." Evidently Jacob was well acquainted with the current state of the art in horticulture as he subscribed to *The Horticulturist*. This monthly magazine, published in New York, was the most respected horticultural journal of its day.

The Horticulturist's publisher and editor for many years was Andrew Jackson Downing, often referred to as "America's first great landscape gardener." Downing was the designer of numerous country estates along the Hudson, an ardent campaigner for the creation of America's first public park (Central

Park in New York City), and the developer of the initial plans for the Mall in Washington, D.C. Throughout the mid-nineteenth century, A.J. Downing was considered to be not only a leading authority on horticultural matters, but also one of America's foremost arbiters of fashionable taste. His extensive writings significantly influenced stylistic developments in American architecture, interior decoration, and furniture design, as well as landscape gardening.

The following letter, which appeared in *The Horticulturist*, August 1, 1852, is the first of several contributions which Jacob M.J. Smith made to Downing's magazine:

> THE COLD WINTER IN ARKANSAS — A.J. Downing, Esq. — Dear Sir: As you expressed in *The Horticulturist* a wish to hear from different parts of the country, repecting the effect *(sic)* of the last extraordinary winter on trees and plants, I will endeavor to tell you how things stand in this neighborhood, although it is doleful enough. The latter part of the summer of 1851, as well as the autumn and forepart of winter, was unusually dry; and the trees making no late growth, the wood was perfectly matured. The first cold weather was on the 15th of December, the thermometer standing at 4. On the 18th it was at zero. January 13th, 2 below zero; 19th, 28 below zero; 22nd, 16 below zero, all at sunrise when the thermometer was at its lowest. 28th, at noon, it was 70 and bluebirds singing; 30th, at sunrise 60. Here was a difference of temperature of 98 degrees in the short space of nine days. No wonder it proved so disastrous. Through the month of February and the first half of March, the weather was very pleasant, so that vegetation was far advanced, and the pear tree nearly in bloom, but on the 18th the thermometer fell to 16 and since then it has continued cold and disagreeable until the last days of April.
>
> In summing up the injury that has been done, I allude to my own garden and neighborhood, generally, for there are few places where the situation is a favorable one, that they have not suffered quite so much. My peach trees are nearly all killed; and part of the one year old pear trees in the nursery, with some of those two and three year old, that were planted out. *Magnolia grandiflora*, *M. Purpurea*, and *M. Tripetela*, are frozen to the ground. *Magnolia macrophylla* is injured only on a few shoots of last year's growth. My beautiful Pyrus Japonica hedge had not one early flower, and some of its twiggs *(sic)* are frozen. Chinese honeysuckle, *Deutzia scabra*, and the hardy roses, with one single exception, are killed to the ground. The Chinese Arborvitae is entirely destroyed.
>
> The Trumpet Honeysuckle, the White Italian Honeysuckle, the Purple, White, and Persian Lilac, the Snowball, the Fringe Tree, and Venetian Sumac, are the only things that escaped.
>
> Of Apples, I think we shall have a tolerable good crop, only a few of those that were most advanced were injured by the late frosts. Pears we shall have but few; and Plums none at all; the Curculia destroys them all, and so I cut down the trees.

A few words about the Osage Orange. In the fourth vol, page 146 of *The Horticulturist*, your correspondent, J., says the seed all rotted in the ground, and then asks, "Was the seed worthless, or was it immersed too long, or was the water too hot?" On the 5th of April, 1848, I planted a quart of Osage Orange seed that had been soaked for 40 hours in warm water, and afterwards spread on a board for 32 hours. When I received the seed the ground was not prepared, and by the time I was ready to plant, it rained, and continued to rain for several days; at last, in a fit of desperation, I made drills in the mud with my fingers, (it was impossible to use the drilling machine); threw in the seed, and covered it slightly. Never was seed put in worse condition, nor did any ever grow better; indeed, I thought every seed came up. The water poured over the seeds was not quite so hot as that used by your correspondent; I imagine the seed was worthless when he got it.

In conclusion, let me tell you, Mr. Editor, that I have received much of benefit and pleasure from the perusal of your volumes. Should you find anything in this, my first attempt, likely to interest your readers, you are at liberty to use it. I am, sir, respectfully yours, J.M.J. Smith, Fayetteville, Arkansas May 4, 1852.

The letters which Jacob Smith wrote to *The Horticulturist* reveal a man devoted to his occupation and concerned with furthering his knowledge of horticulture. He was inquisitive and an experimenter, as is evidenced in this account taken from his letter published in the September, 1853 issue:

"...On the 23rd of December, 1851, I planted two dozen Tulips, of the same kind I had planted already in the middle of October; the bulbs were, to all appearance, perfectly sound; they came into bloom almost as early as those of the first planting (only three days difference) but the flowers were small, lasted only a few days, and when I came to take up the bulbs, they were lean and lank, having none of that solid look one expects to see in a Dutch bulb..."

The Smith documents provide valuable testimony to the particular species of garden plants grown in antebellum Arkansas. The fact that Smith was a commercial nurseryman makes these plant lists even more significant since they represent the plants which were available for general use within the community.

These letters are of significance also because they document a rare example of A.J. Downing's influence in the antebellum south, albeit the Upland South. It has often been suggested that Downing's influence was minimal in the southern states. Downing was one of the most zealous advocates of the Gothic Revival and one of the most vociferous denouncers of the Greek Revival. For these and other reasons, Downing's influence was generally less potent in the South where the Greek Revival had become the supreme cultural symbol of the people.

BILL CUSH'S TREK TO TEXAS - Part 2

by Pat Donat

Monday, October 15

Went out a-bee hunting with _____ and some others, left them and after a short time returned to the camp. Went a-hunting in the bottom, shot a goose's head off at about a hundred and fifty yards distance.

Tuesday, October 16

Laid about camp all day. There was sort of a council with a _____ from an I-O-ni Chief. He said we would have no difficulty between this place and the Colorado.

There was a Cherokee interpreter, too lazy to set up, who explained talk, I think pretty much as he pleased.

The I-O-ni was seated in the middle of a circle of our men by the side of a small fire although it was turning hot.

Saw some live oak trees this morning. They are about a half mile from Camp on the bench of prairie, adjoining the bottom.

Sam Marrs and some others went out and killed a buffalo; it comes most opportunely as we have no fresh meat, am somewhat tired of pork and buffalo and venison. Dr. Thompson, Dave Bell, Price Martin and some others went down to trading house. They got back just at sunset, it is eight miles distance.

Saw the Mexican dog this morning the Cherokees have, as bare of hair as the skin of my hand and black as the raven. Bare except for its ears and tail, they have a light sprinkling of hair on their ears and on the end of its tail.

Mr. Reese, Holt and Jack Griffin went up to see Bowles who lives about five miles above here. They returned just at nightfall.

Thursday, October 17

Laid by today — also Friday, 17th, Saturday 18th

(The diarist does not have consecutive dates again. The next entries will use the dates as they appear in the diary.)

Sunday, October 19

I was awakened about one o'clock this morning and told that Borland just died. After breakfast my little mule was reported among the missing. I spent several hours in hunting him, but could not find him. Breedlove, the best horse hunter in the camp made search and soon after returned with all the lost animals.

At one o'clock p.m., near about, Borland was buried. It had already commenced raining but we did not wait for it to cease. His body was held by no coffin, four cedar slabs laid carefully around him with his quilt and blanket were all that could be afforded for his burial, excepting the earth which is always anxious to *(cover)* her returning children. We fired three volleys above the grave and whilst some scraped in the little pile of dirt that was around it, the others silently walked back to their respective camps. There sleeps he now and there he will sleep forever. The falling rain was the only tears that will ever be shed upon that grave. The wild deer may come and wonder at the little pen around him and the wolf may shelter himself behind the mound above when the _____ shall exist no longer.

Monday, October 20

All were eager for a start once more but four of our animals were gone and my pack mule among them. Straight away all interested commenced hunting. The day was rainy and smoky. It was very cold, too, a northwest wind was blowing. After a long and fruitless search I became so chilled that I was forced to return to camp. After some time Breedlove and Dr. Thompson brought up the lost animals. We packed up and got off. Bill Chism *(Chisholm?)* led the way. Marrs had stopped by Chism's camp and we did the same. The day has been most dreary. It has drizzled all the time and the smoke prevented our seeing but a short distance. After supper Dave Bell, George Harnage and myself went over and chatted and cracked pecans with Chisholm till near twelve.

Tuesday, October 21

Dr. Thompson and some one else came down from Lynch's camp in search of a mule that had got away from the Doctor last night. I rode as far as the river in search of the mouth of the Bosque. Returned to camp. Went with Ben Mush to an old Cherokee camp to get some pecans. The old man set out some honey for us. Soon after Miller and Holt came and we all made a fine feast with pecans, honey and venison. In the evening last went up to Lynch's camp and staid all night with him. They had a big goose for supper which they had boiled all day till it had become tender and juicy.

About ten or half past nine, after supper, the horses were most awfully frightened and ran as if they would come right through the Camp. Our first thought and act was to seize our guns and run out into the dark. After a little while the tumult subsided and we all agreed that a passing bear or buffalo had caused the stampede.

We retired to bed again. When we had lain near an hour, Bill, a negro belonging to Lynch, got up with a great hubbub and said he had heard whistling. I was awakened by the noise and believed he was telling a lie at the time. However, Holt's camp was awakened and we took our guns and went out into

the prairie. Nothing could be heard or seen. The night was cold and after waiting in silence for sometime under a live oak we returned.

No more disturbance followed, so we retired to our pallets once more and slept soundly till day.

Wednesday, October 22

Returned to Bell's camp to pack my mule. Dr. Thompson's had been found by Ben Mush just before. Once more started with Teady *(Tessee)* Guess as our guide. We travelled well. At the Bosque (one branch of which we were crossing) we had to cut our way for nearly a quarter of a mile. We soon struck the high prairie. At half hour by sun we camped on another branch of the Bosque. Holt brought in some beef — fresh meat — if he had not done so we would have been in a hungry situation soon.

Thursday, October 23

Whilst we were packing up this morning someone discovered a crowd of Indians upon the Creek in the prairie. They soon after came down to us and proved to be Kicapoos. They were well loaded with deer skins and other kinds. I disliked their faces and although they were painted and _____ I thought I could see the rascal underneath. They had not the bold and open countenance of the Caddoes.

Passed several signs of antelopes. Holt and McQuorter chased a buffalo for several miles on ahead of us.

About 4 o'clock we stopped for the night on the same creek, coming about twelve miles only today.

Made a supper without meat but just about night Holt and Jim came in with some buffaloes.

I forgot to mention Holt and B_____ found a bee tree along the way today and I stopped and forgot myself on honey. Never did I see such eating in my life. McCoy seemed determined to kill himself. Lynch was taken with the ague again, sickness going with us the whole trip. I was in hopes we had buried it with Borland.

Buzzard's and Jack Starr's messes did not get up with us.

Friday, October 24

Went out a-hunting before daylight. Had to wait a good while for day to come after I got out as far as the Creek.

Killed nothing but shot once at a deer and several times at turkies. Starr's mess came up and we started forward. At about ½ past twelve we came to a Kicka-

poo village. There were two or three hundred of them. I would suppose from the size and quantity of their huts and number of their horses. Those are of the same tribe we saw yesterday *(and they)* belong to this town.

An old squaw set out some buffalo meat and corn boiled, of which I ate very heartily. Their huts were built of swamp flag sewed together with sinews of bark. The squaws were devilish ugly.

Soon after we had left the Kickapoos some other Indians were seen riding up. I did not stop to have any parley with them as I didn't care a cent about them anyway. They were Commanches and Kickapoos, I was afterwards told.

Saw the Delaware trail to the Colorado, it was straight, as straight as a line. A little farther on we saw an Indian sign near a large live oak, somewhat after this fashion *(Quesenbury drew the sign)*, a deer's tail and two bunches of grapes. Guess says it means the time the Delawares left. The grapes were tied in different ways. Some of the party got down and examined it thoroughly, but I did not. Night began to come on without much prospect of water. Jess Owens was sent down in the willow to hunt for same. He came back without finding any. We proceeded on. The country was most lovely to the eye but dreadful to the traveller. Rock and gravel covered the ground and a kind of scrub oak rendered the travelling very disagreeable.

We went down a hill to the west and got into the bed of a branch. This we followed for a mile or so; nowhere was there a worse road *(and)* no person in a worse humor for going over it. Dark came on and we had found no water. Still we kept on. Some of the packs fell off and swearing and blasphemy followed. Being a little behind I found it difficult to follow. However, I got up with the rest just on the top of a hill. They were un-packing. Any water? was the cry on all sides and on all sides, no! There we were on the top of a dry hill without daring to eat for fear of thirsting more and no water for coffee even. Most of the company went to bed but some ate dried buffalo meat in the very face of a raging thirst. Among the eaters was myself.

Two persons, Jo McCoy and Lynch's negro, volunteered to go in search of the much desired. They were gone near an hour when Nelson and Jess Owens started in a different direction, toward where some owls were hooting. They had not been gone long when a shout from the valley told us the news — glad news — water was found. They shouted again and again and never heard I sweeter music than when their hallooing was reverberating in the vale.

In the meantime Jo McCoy got back. He had been successful after hunting about a mile down the hollow. Our spirits were now somewhat revived. Nelson and Jess soon afterwards got back and our thirst was quenched.

Saturday, October 25

All the horses were found. We went only about two miles today and en-

camped on Little River. Some of us went after wild cattle but none were killed though several seen.

We have been wanting meat for two or three days, with the exception of an occasional turkey. If this does not change we will be starving soon.

This morning Calvin Adair took it upon him- to make an insulting threat toward me at which I took fire and spoke out my mind to him as it then existed. I fancy he will not take the liberty again. Guess, our guide, found a bee tree in the morning and about three o'clock several of us went out and cut it. The tree was a very large over-cup and a very rich one it proved to be. The honey fell on the ground in cakes and I forgot myself on it.

Sunday, October 26

Two pack animals lost, almost past recovery this morning. All the crowd, with the exception of Lynch's went ahead and camped about three miles west on the same creek — Little River, as it is called. It would have been more appropriate to have named it Overcup, that timber is more abundant on it than any place I ever saw.

Lynch talked this morning of turning back. I should be sorry if he does, but should he do so in the morning I am with him. Pierce Miller will also be one of the crowd.

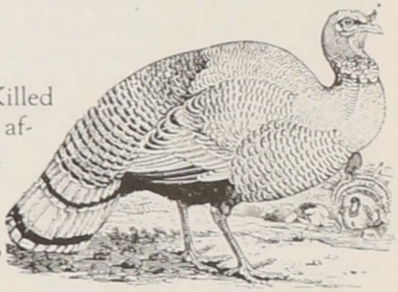
Late — just at night time, Holt came into the camp loaded with meat — it was horse meat. The flesh looked fat and good. I, not knowing, tasted anything — than whiskey — concluded I would try some of this mustang.

Accordingly I cut off some of the best parts I could find and went down to my mess camp and fried them. Soon as they were done, I went to eating. But horse flesh I concluded was made to ride, not to eat. I did not like it. There was something about it that tasted like a rank catfish mixed with a little something sweet.

However, I ate the whole frying pan of it, which thoroughly quenched my hunger for the night.

Returned to my pallet and was near having the nightmare, had not the meat I had eaten been that of a seven-year-old stud, I should certainly have had it. As it was, we'll make a compromise and call my restlessness the night stud.

Monday, October 27



Early this morning I went out a-hunting. Killed a turkey soon after I crossed the creek and after a short hunt for deer returned to camp. Packed and started precisely at nine. After rising a hill we once more struck into the open prairie. We were all tired of the rough, hilly country we had passed over. But, at a

few miles apart, we would still find rocks.

Blackhaws and grapes were abundant in several places on our trail. I ate as many of them as I could. I even found hackberries growing on bushes. I did not like them, as I never like any _____.

At one o'clock we reached Cow Creek. We have a fine place for camping. The camp is only tolerable good.

We have this evening a plenty of provisions. Several buffalo have been killed today. Holt, Ben Mush, Jim Fuller, Bill Elters chased three today before _____ _____ *(shooting one?)*. I never *(experienced?)* any times more exciting. Occasionally we could see the flash of a gun but could hear no report. So little noise does the explosion of a gun make on the broad prairie, that the person who shoots off his gun has to blow through it to determine whether it has gone off or not.

The weather is fine with no promise of rain. As we know nothing of Texas weather, the whole appearance of things may be changed in a few hours.

Tuesday, October 28

It sprinkled a little last night or this morning rather, about three o'clock. I expected a bad time of it but it cleared up, and is as hot as ever. The last few days past have been oppressively hot.

We waited some time for Buzzard's mess. They came up about ten o'clock. We immediately packed up and went forward.

At three we encamped on a little creek. No one of the company knows its name. There is a range of hills which make an elbow from the creek and back again and in the elbow there are about sixty or seventy acres. Here our horses grazed. I forgot to mention that our camping ground on Cow Creek was very like this of tonight.

Buzzard's mess gave ours some bear meat, which we cooked for supper, but it was not fat. Poor bear meat is the worst of all meats, I have always heard said, and this we had proved it, for it seemed nothing but grizzle.

The wind is blowing very hard, throwing coals of fire several yards. I made up my pallet on a little nook of undergrowth and laid down for the night.

Wednesday, October 29

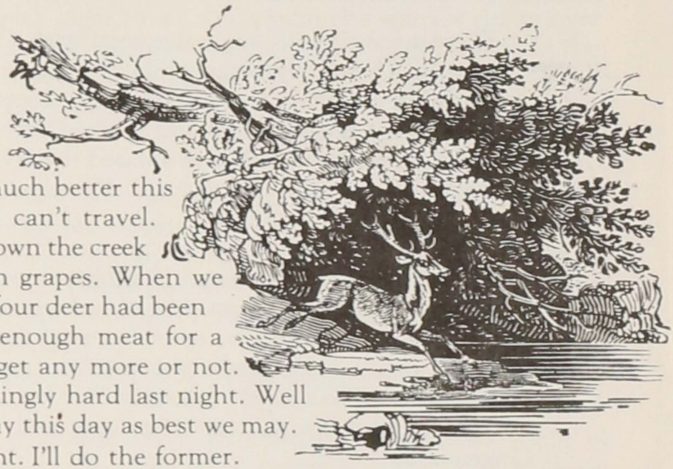
Dreams, dreams! Why do *(they)* come to torment me although they are so pleasant. Last night I though I had got back to Van Buren and overheard Washbourne and Charley _____ _____ _____ talking of me upstairs. They seemed to think I was dead. Never were they more mistaken. I have within me black haws, grapes, bear meat, buffalo, honey and coffee with a good portion of water. If all these will not sustain life, I don't know what will. Travelled only about 12 miles. Mr. Reese got ill so that we could go no further.

Heard rifle shooting over the hill. Found Holt and some three or four Shawnee Indians over there. They had killed two buffaloes. One of the Shawnees gave me a tongue *(for)* which he would receive no pay. These are the best Indians I have come across. They all came up and shook hands with me and talked very friendly.

I Had fine eating tonight. The buffalo killed, or one of them rather, was in fine order. The clouds betoken rain, despite the sixteen stars on the circle of the moon.

Tonight I have been told that we are within twenty miles of the Colorado. This is too good to be true. I don't believe a word of it. We may be in forty or fifty miles but I think not closer.

Thursday, October 30



Mr. Reese was so very bad off last night that he had to send up for Dr. Thompson. He is not much better this morning, of course, we can't travel. Miller and myself went down the creek and gorged ourselves on grapes. When we got back we found that four deer had been killed. They will make enough meat for a meal or so whether we get any more or not.

Note: It rained exceedingly hard last night. Well here we have to lazy away this day as best we may. We can eat, fish and hunt. I'll do the former.

Two months and a day have passed since I left home! No one knows, or cares, where I am. I wonder if they do not sometimes say I'm dead. Bless your hearts ye think of me! I had forgotton you! I reckon you think I forget you tolerably often — Doubt ye my creditation?

How sweet is my pipe to me now and how little did Dr. McGee think he was conferring a favor that would long be remembered when he gave me these four twists of tobacco.

This morning for the first time I learned that the dog-hearted Keeton, who made the remark about the impropriety of my pulling a pumpkin at the Brazos, had once been lashed on the bare back for some rascality of his. No wonder he was so squeamish. The marks yet fresh on the bare skin compel him to remember and distinguish the right from the wrong, and in doing so he had thought of the possibility that I was a scoundrel too.

His face would hang him in any court of physiognomy in the world, justice having been cheated out of him long ago. But *(with)* both these failings, the devil's clutches will get him at last.

7 p.m.

Dr. Thompson just now came down from his camp and reported that the Shawnees had returned from the Colorado. They had seen some countless Commanches and did not like to venture among them, there being only four Shawnees.

It is rational to conclude that we are somewhat in danger for the Shawnees are a people that would not have come back in such a hurry had there not been.

Some commenced rubbing up their guns, others to speculating on the results of the morrow. I heartily wish they were all good Christians or that they were at the Devil. I feel somewhat inclined to turn missionary but more to shoot the murdering wretches.

Friday, 31st October and last

There were some four or five men with Guess *(going)* to the Commanche Camp. Sent my mule to pasture. I never thought of the danger of the act or I would not have done so. Two of the Shawnees came down this morning and I talked with them a long time. I took out my drawing pencils and amused them very much. The party who went to see the Commanches returned. I'm pleased by it as I had a lot at stake.

> *On November 1 the Arkansas Intelligencer published: "We saw a gentleman this week just from the Colorado river, Texas who reported that the Cherokee party were on their way to that region and that the Colorado valley is the finest piece of land under the shining sun. Westward ho! Who's for the Colorado! Fine land, excellent water, buffalo, deer and other game in abundance and only one evil — the Commanches."*

Saturday, 1st day of November 1845

The Commanches who came in yesterday evening visited us this morning! But I go too fast. Buffalo Army, the chief I saw for the first time at Holt's Camp was eating like a Catholic priest after Lent. There were several others at different camps. This should have been mentioned yesterday.

They, the Commanches, borrowed Dr. Thompson's instruments and performed a surgical operation on Old Man Reese. Some who saw it said it was done very well. The squaws, some who were as ugly as witches and one in particular, who I am certain is the Devil's wife, were all around the camp too thick for my pleasure, for I am certain they were trying to steal something. Buffalo Army made me show him everything that was in my side packs. How I wished myself at home just then. I would have given him a kick in the side of the head and sent him howling off. He had at least five squaws around my things, at once just at that time he called attention to a couple of old devil looking Commanches that were coming to camp. But I wouldn't see them and they stole nothing.

Visited the camp of these wild Indians for the first time this morning. Before I got to their whereabouts they pointed me out as a white man! I did not care a copper if they did, for among the friends I have here, I fear nothing — white man as I am.

There was a little pan of honey set out, not more than I could have eaten myself, with a little nick chawed at one end. With this nick, we ate the honey by skipping the chawed end in it.

There were also about a half bushel of pecans emptied out on a horse hide for us and on pecans and honey we made our feast with these rulers of the prairies. I tried to trade for some dressed deer skins but they asked higher for them than I could have got them at home.

The spears, or properly lances, that these people use, look like most deadly weapons. They are about a yard and a quarter long in the blade which is about as wide as a common military sword and about twelve feet long in the handle. It is not a dangerous sight to see a Commanche warrior riding over the prairie and notwithstanding the many marvellous tales of his skill in the use of the bow, I cannot believe that it is any way fatal in comparison to the rifle. I saw their shields. They would afford no protection from a rifle ball.

Sunday, November 2nd

A bee tree was found today which was a source of great delight as I was nearly famished for something sweet. True, I might have had "Sweet memories of thee, but I have tried _____ _____ it so often and failed that it has become stale."

The Commanches have been around occasionally today but have not annoyed us as they did yesterday.

They packed up their effects, papooses, poles, dogs, buffalo rugs, squaws, and the like and started off.

I rejoiced to see them go and if I ever felt grateful to an Indian — one of these west chaps, I mean — it was when he was entirely out of sight. Rode up with Jim Starr to a bank of the soft timber line to get material for making me a pipe.

The Shawnees went a-hunting today and killed six deer, or rather five deer and an antelope. They sent us down a goodly portion of the latter, which was exceedingly fat. The ribs were roasted and to say true, I was not very hungry. But I tried it, as I did the mustang. Never did I taste sweeter flesh in my life — nor as sweet. My appetite came to me immediately and I devoured the better part of a whole side of ribs.

Monday, 3rd November 1845

I have forborne mentioning in my journal up to this time, the little petty grievances that surmount me on all sides at my own camp. It seems that Jack Bell has appointed himself commissary general over our provisions and Dictator to our appetite. He growls from morning till night about the most trifling things and may sometimes be heard speaking of some great act of Napoleon while measuring out a pipe full of honey for a hungry man to eat.

His whole desire is to be a little Hero, or be thought something extra, but never was there a composition of humanity so little fitted to his wishes. Never in my life had I so disagreeable a companion and damn me to end the matter, if I don't quit the mess. He certainly was never intended for a man, but God through charity, lets him live while the Devil holds a mortgage on his little soul.

Laid about camp nearly all day. Spoke to Pierce Miller about leaving this mess. He wishes me to. Price Martin and others at Lynch's are perfectly willing that I should come in with them.

Tuesday, 4th November

Hungry as no breakfast we had this morning. Things continue as disagreeable as before. In the evening I left for Lynch's mess.

Here I know we can all get along pleasurably.

In the division of provisions I got nothing but a little damaged coffee. I was offered a spoonful or so of salt, but it was too little to take. Thirty pounds of flour, ten pounds of coffee, thirty pounds of bacon, sugar, pepper, etc., were my share of eatables when I entered Jack Bell's mess. No other person had so large a share as mine. There is flour and bacon yet and I got none in the division.

Verily, the woods will _____ _____ _____ trails of a man. They have known Jack Bell. But vengeful I wish not to be in my Journal with his name. I have abstained heretofore as much as possible from using it.

Hunted my mule for an hour or so this morning. A lost mule engages one's attention considerably in the prairies when the prospect of a walk home is before him.

Wednesday, November 5th

A litter was prepared for Mr. Reese and we went on for about four miles where Holt's mess has camp. Never did captives leave their prison with more joy than we left this place. Price Martin has most appropriately named it Camp Misery.

Thursday November 6th

The weather has turned cold and damp with threatenings of rain. I remained at camp all day. At night I made my pallet between two fires and laid for a while very comfortably. Just before day it commenced raining and continued till day. Never was mortal more thoroughly drenched than was I. Several deer have been killed — Indeed we have not wanted for abundance of meat since we left the waters of Little River.

Holt killed an antelope and gave me *(five words crossed out)*. It is snow white with hair three quarters of an inch long *(eight words crossed out.)*

Friday, November 7th

It is very cold today, a hard wind has been blowing constantly from the northwest. I concluded to take a hunt. Rode three or four miles and returned, seeing only one little deer for which I would not have walked a hundred yards. This is the sunny south. Let no one deceive themself with the idea that it is never cold here.

Saturday, November 8th

Lynch went out and got one of his deer. Some Commanches came in. They wanted to trade for something to wear. We got a lariat and some other little articles from them.

I forgot to mention that Commanches have been in camp every day since we came here, but none so likely or warlike as those that first visited us at Camp Misery.

We are getting discontented here and came to an agreement to carry the sick man on a hand litter. Good arrangement. Anything to get along.

Sunday, November 9th

Started with the hand litter; by the time that two sets of hands had taken their turns only eight out of forty were along to help with the march.

In the gap of the mountain Lynch shot a deer. I never beheld such a scene before and am certain I never shall again. Lynch was standing over the dead deer with his knife and the litter was just making the descent of the gap. Before lay the level prairie skirted in every direction with live oaks of the deepest green. Then beyond lay mountains deep blue, near, pale and paler ones in the distance still so far away, they mingled their tips with the sky.

Stopped with the litter about six miles from our last camp. We had but little water and timber, but the carriers could go no further. Almost everybody is killing deer.

Monday, November 10th

Guns are crackling all around. They are killing deer only for their skins. After breakfast got on my mule and rode some six or seven miles toward the Colorado. Saw but a few deer. I started too late in the day. Miller and Ben Mush, with two or three others *(went)* on a bee hunt. God prosper them! At 4 o'clock p.m. Mr. Reese died. It was but a minute ago. The evening is calm, cold and clear. Not a breath of air is stirring. Conversation has ceased

This is the second, and the deepest felt death we have had among us. Mr. Reese was believed and respected by all, so much so that his word was law when persuasion and argument from others had failed. He has been so interested in the accomplishment of our trip that he suffered doubly as much in going on as he would have in remaining at home place until he died. He was a true Indian. All say he was brave and resolute. He fought at the Battle of the Horseshoe _____ _____ and _____ afterwards his distinguished act was *(line too faded to read)* a shower of bullets. He was the most ardent lover of liberty and has often declared on the way that he would rather die over here than remain a subject under Ross' government at home.

A single Commanche warrior has come in and intends staying all night with us. This morning some of the same tribe brought in all our lost horses. This was doing far more for us than we would have done for them. Before I had seen these Indians I had believed they were a lawless set of barbarians, professing virtues which were our worst vices, but on the contrary now I believe them to be better than most of our civilized tribes. They have treated us like gentlemen — giving us all the information we asked of them and never molesting our horses or property when it was in their power to have stolen all we had. On Sunday evening, I forgot to mention, I was riding alone one, two or three miles from Camp when I suddenly came across a huge warrior with his bow string and two arrows ready. I went up to him and all his signs being friendly, I commenced talking with him. I gave him all the tobacco I had and by his motions, if I understood him right, he loves me very much.

Tuesday, 11th November 1845

Commenced immediately after breakfast to dig Mr. Reese's grave. It was very slow work as we have nothing but hatchets and the ground is full of rocks. But they are digging with all their might while the only implement we have for throwing out the earth are old frying pans.

Half past one p.m.

Consigned the body to the grave. The evening is warm and clear. There was no pomp or ceremony about the funeral. We laid him down without a word, there to sleep forever. He rests in a beautiful place. The broad prairie connected on the east by a skirt of mountains and on the west by green fringes of live oak trees.

A Commanche Chief came in with his squaws and pack horses. We had a passport from P_____, the Texas agent.

As soon as he arrived _____ _____ We packed up and went on for about six miles. In camp on the same creek we left. *(One line too faded to read.)* ...had got under way once more. And what was better than all, we slept within hearing of the roar of the Colorado waters.

Wednesday, 12th November

Took a ride this morning to see the river. Found it a clear, swift running stream, somewhat larger than Big Mulberry in Arkansas, but on the whole very like it. Kept up the stream till I got to Buzzard's Camp. They had found a bee and pecan tree altogether. I ate as much honey and as many pecans as I could and then returned to camp.

Again I must thank Dr. McGee for the tobacco he gave me. It lights sweeter as I get further off. This morning I filled my Cubskin with it which I hope will last me nearly home.

In the evening we crossed the river after going up it a mile and encamped. McDaniel had gone about a mile above us and camped.

Thursday, 13th November

It commenced raining and continued all day. Some twenty of us started off on a deer hunt. Miller and myself returned soon after we started, not caring to tear ourselves and mules to pieces for the improbability of killing one. Several were seen by the biggest liars in the company. Guess found a bee rock, several attacked and got honey.

Friday, 14th November

Several mules missing. I took my gun and went in search of them, intending to hunt both mules and game at the same time. Killed a fine buck. Returned and got Lynch's negro to bring him in. Continued hunting but killed nothing more. As I was returning overtook Ben Mush with the runaways.

Feasting on the deer by all hands.

Saturday, 15th November

The rain which commenced on Thursday continues yet without any interruption. Discontent prevails among several about our situation. Among those affected, I am one. We have been delayed by sickness and the indecision of one man *(so)* that a future state of things would be intolerable. May and Miller wish to head toward the settlements and there are several others who will join them. We are most uncomfortably situated. Water is unhandy as it has to be carried up a very steep hill and a considerable distance. It seems as if it never will stop raining. Cunningham continues low and Dr. Thompson has no medicines. Thus situated we ought to make for the settlements. Pierce Miller killed a deer today. But the deer are all poor and yield but little nourishment. The only thing solacing is my pipe — this I use when my nerves are all agitated. I have also been reduced by a long continuous dysentery — in fact I have not been entirely free from it since I commenced living on wild meat.

Our coffee has given out. We have enough salt to last two or three days. When this is gone we must take our meat plain with the exception of cooking it on the coals.

In vain might I strain my eyes for home, for Maj. Dillard's or Rector's or Dr. McKee's or Cross' tavern. Wide prairies are between us and a long time too.

I am discontented at our pace. I ought to be going towards home when my trip is not half completed. This is what troubles me. Well, while it is raining I might as well be wishing of turkey, quill does not make a good pen. We are near bout the latitude of Natchez. But it is a great deal colder here. The country is so much more elevated. Whilst we were camped over in the prairie where Mr. Reese died there we had one of the heaviest frosts I ever saw. I have been told that it hardly ever rains at San Antonio. That place is only about a hundred and fifty miles from here. I don't believe a word of it. I never saw a more continued, or disagreeable rain than we have now. Austin is not more than eighty miles or a hundred and twenty at furtherest I don't think. Dr. Thompson cut his foot very badly at night in chopping wood for our night fire. I'm exceedingly sorry for him for the Doctor is the main pillar of my life in our mess. His pleasure for the trip is done.

Sunday, 16th November

It rains, it rains, and is never weary. I think T_____ D_____ had this in one of her books. She had cut it out of some newspaper and was written by Longfellow. There is more truth than poetry in that little song. It is raining even ahead.

Buzzard's camp crossed over this morning. The river has risen about a foot and a half.

The sun halfway shone out a little today — say for a quarter of a second at a time.

Monday, 17th November

Before moon rise last night it had cleared off as fair as I ever saw and it seemed to me the stars looked brighter — perhaps it was because I had not seen them since so long a time.

Today is clear, or rather has been, as the sun is setting now.

I am certain if I had not mentioned the circumstances of a lovely girl having poetry about a rainy day, it never would have cleared off.

Bell's mess came up about nine and we started. Never did man go over rougher country than did we for two or three miles. After that it becaame more level and we travelled on very well.

Came to a deep chasm on both sides of which were perpendicular rocks, two or three hundred feet in height. The chasm made a turn at one place and I imagined that the Coliseum at Rome had sprung up before me, so well did it resemble the picture of that vast site that my fancy had made.

We found a passway through and after going down a hill, half a mile beyond we found ourselves in a valley as beautiful as ever was described by poets dreaming of the Eastern Land. The old grass has been burnt about a month before and the new had sprung up as green and sweet as we find it at home in May. The Mesquite trees were waving their branches in the breeze and upon their tops the lark might have been heard singing gaily.

Light wind rocked him to and fro. We passed a small rivulet and encamped on the north side of it.

Tuesday, 18th November

Mules and horses lost this morning. Eight head were gone. Got on my mule and started out a-hunting them.

I went into the valley. The beauties of yesterday were doubled today. Pecan and mesquite trees mingled their branches in friendship together, and the song of birds was heard from every spray. The cascade poured out its steady tune and the rill as it ran over the rocks sang in unison with it. Never were the skies as clear, the sun so bright. I could not help thinking of a song I have heard in happier days. I think it is called the Feast of Roses. Twenty times or more I caught myself singing snatches from it — straining my memory to get it all. How foolish I have been in not paying more attention to songs.

Miller, May and Dave Bell were ahead of me in the hunt. They had stopped at a haw thicket, near some full pecan trees. We all ate as many as we could and returned, our search having proven futile.

After twelve o'clock Miller and myself went out together for more pecans. We got over in the Big Spring Branch but concluded to turn our pecan hunt to fishing. I went back and got hooks and lines. Jim Starr came down and has proved four or five; one was a very large cat. This was doing first-rate as Jim had nothing but a spear and crooked pole to it.

All *(mules)* came in, but eight horses are gone yet. Old hunting tomorrow? Jesu' how dark its got. Madam do you think of me now?

Wednesday, 19th November

The horses still lost. A dreary prospect before us. Plans for going to the settlements; some are for canoes — some for walking — Thank God I am safe.

McDaniel and Holt's company came up. Great rejoicing. We thought we had lost them entirely.

Calvin Adair and Creason went out and found the lost horses. Better still at night Lynch went down to Bell's camp and he was there informed that he had to pay two deer skins as a rēward. Was there ever such a thing heard of? Men of the same company charging their fellows for finding horses! Mark them down. They are both thieves and Creason is a criminal from justice having run away from Missouri for murder. Peter May found a stray mule this morning and gathered him, vowing he should carry him home if he did not get his horses. The mean mess have found two or three bees. Not a bit of honey has been divided amongst any of the rest. Verily the woods will prove men!

Bill Cush's Trek to Texas will be continued in the August issue of Flashback.

QUERIES

Ardella Moulton, Rt. 2, Box 151, Herscher, Illinois 60941 needs information on William Arthur SANDERS' birthplace, date of birth, (married Rosa Lee Wilson b. 31 March 1891 in Fort Smith or Pine Bluff?), date of death, brothers, sisters. Believed parents were James Wilson SANDERS and Sarah.

Joan Phelps, 1360 Danby Avenue, San Jose, CA 95132 wants to know about Eli BLOYED, married Mary (Polly) GRAHAM, had a daughter Kessiah (Kizzie) who married Rev. William Conrad YOES. Their daughter Margaret Jane Yoes, sister to Jacob Yoes, married Alexander ANDERSON. Their daughter Mindie Anderson who married James Wilson CRAVEN was my grandmother. I would appreciate any information on the BLOYED, GRAHAM and ANDERSON families and ancestors. I have information on the CRAVEN and YOES ancestors to exchange.

Beula McKenzie, 222 Yell Boulevard, Fayetteville AR 72701 needs record of 1866 marriages performed by Justice of the Peace Owen Remy in Washington County, Arkansas.

Mrs. J. Roland Williams, 918 McArthur Drive, Jacksonville, AR 72076 is looking for information on Richard MITCHELL, born Feb. 8, 1814 in Kentucky and wife Cynthia, born Feb. 26, 1814 in Kentucky or Tennessee. They came to Washington County, Arkansas in 1851. Where were they in 1850? Children included William A., married (1st) Harriet SHIPLEY, (2nd) Sarah Elizabeth SHERRILL: Mary, married James McCLELLAND; Sarah Lucinda; Benjamin; Ann; Elis; John; Caroline, married John THOMAS; Nancy L., married William BARRETT; Harriet C. married William S. LOOPER. William A. and Sarah Elizabeth sold their property in 1870 and moved to Sevier Co., Arkansas. He later died and Sarah Elizabeth married (2nd) Nicholas LICK and moved on Indian Territory. Would appreciate any information about these people.

Myloe G. Wilson, 1311 Kean, Wynnewood, OK 73098 seeks information or records on George Herman GEREN, b. 10 May 1866, Hamilton County, TN, d. 7 Dec. 1938, Tulsa County, OK, m. Armenta Alice COMBOSS 12 September, 1892. Son Walter Morris, b. 19 Dec. 1896, Cherokee City. His father was George Caswell GEREN, b. 1837, TN, m. Parthemia Sivley, b. 1842, TN.

Margaret I. Hawk, 3129 Ellenwood Drive, Fairfax, VA 22031 desires information on ancestors and descendants of Thomas SMITH, b. 1785, NC, d. 1870. Arrived in Washington County in the 1830s from Tennessee, lived in Richland township, buried at Tuttle, Arkansas. First wife d. circa 1840; mar-

ried (2) Anne E. TUTTLE (nee RIDDLE), widow of Nathan W. TUTTLE*. Children: Evaline, b. 1814, TN, d. 1893, m. James M. TUTTLE*; Andrew J., b. 1821, TN, d. 1864, m. Mary J. TRAMMEL; Mary ?, m. LeRoy CUNNINGHAM, 1843; Wilson R. ?; and probably other daughters who married —— BEAN, Aron PARKS, and —— WILLIAMS. (*Sons of Solomon Tuttle.)

Joe Parks, 7703 North Lamar, Austin, TX 78752 is interested in making contact with a living descendant of Bill and Adeline QUESENBURY and/or Perry PARKS who accompanied Quesenbury to California.

Bernice Matthews, 3538D-E 56th Street, Maywood, CA 90270 needs information on Richard and William HINES, living in Madison County, MO in 1830. Daughter Patsy HINES married Rueben BROWN 29 January 1829; daughter Polly HINES married Charles L. SINCLAIR 27 December 1829; also daughter Phoebe. Were living in Scott County, Arkansas in 1850.

Mary J. Biederstedt, 3431 - 14th Street, Lewiston ID 83501 says: "I need a death record of my great-grandmother, Mary (Polly) McCARTY LANGLEY, b. 1850 Kentucky, d. in 1917-19 at St. Paul, AR, buried in Adkins Cemetery. Husband's name David Weaver LANGLEY, b. 1850 Kentucky, d. 1921, Hartshorn, OK, buried at Hartshorn, OK. David and Polly moved to AR in the early 1900's from Laurel County, Kentucky, at a place called Rough Creek, five miles or so out of London, Kentucky. They were both members of the Riverside Baptist Church at St. Paul, AR. Polly and David had these children: Elisha, Lucinda, James, Tilden, Hannah, Dorcas, Theodore, Joe, Andy and Dave. All were born in Kentucky, but nearly all were married in Arkansas, but I don't know their marriage dates. Any help I can get on this family will be gratefully received."

Claude W. Sumerlin, 961 North 8th Street, Arkadelphia, AR 71923 would like to request information on William STEPHENSON and his wife, Mary _____, listed on the 1860 Lavaca County, Texas, census as his being born in Arkansas around 1815 and she in Arkansas around 1820. All of their following children were listed as being born in Arkansas: Mary 13, Margaret 11, George Anne (my grandmother) 8, Thomas 7, Elizabeth 5, Adaline 3, Martha 4, and William 2 months.

Mrs. Marie K. Olson, 35 Chadwick Drive, Charleston, SC 29407 is searching for information about the RHEA family. She needs the maiden name of Lucina (?), b. Dec. 1841, Arkansas, m. Andrews M. RHEA ca 1860. They lived in Washington County, White River Twp. in 1880 and Cove Creek Twp. in 1890. Andrew M. RHEA was a teacher. I need the date and place of their marriage. Also need date and place of marriage of their son John Franklin RHEA, b. August 1875 to Ina Mae CRAWLEY, b. Dec. 1880 in Arkansas. Would like information, also, about the latter couple's son Otis, born between 1900 and 1912.

COVE CREEK AND CANE HILL IN THE 1880'S

by Doris M. Helander

(Author's Note - The following excerpts are taken from a letter written to me in 1949 by Miss Emma Hodges, my second cousin. Emma wrote this letter in answer to my request for information on her childhood in Cove Creek and her friendship with my mother, Clara Hagood, whom she calls Tad. Grandma Morrow mentioned was Mariah Cox Morrow, wife of John A. Morrow. The house in which they lived at Cove Creek has been preserved and is now in Battlefield Park at Prairie Grove.)

One of my earliest memories is of a day in late August, 1882, at Grandma Morrow's place on Cove Creek. I was six years old and Tad was eight. We were gathering big yellow apples from the Early Box tree that grew near the garden. I know it was Saturday because Aunt Ann and Uncle George (Hagood) and family always came from Cane Hill on Saturday to stay until Sunday afternoon.

Lifting our skirts, we filled our laps with the delicious yellow apples and then climbed to the top of the rail fence and settled ourselves comfortably. We ate silently until we could eat no more. Tad, who was taller and thinner than I and quite pretty, wore her hair in one plait which never hung down her back but always over one shoulder. She began to sing a little song she had sung at a play they had presented at Cane Hill. It started like this: "Hush, be still as any mouse. There's a baby in our house. Not a dolly, not a toy, but a bright-eyed laughing boy."

She told me she had three new dresses for school and that you had to wear Sunday dresses to school at Cane Hill. I was duly impressed for I had but two Sunday dresses, one for winter and one for summer. We decided I could see the dresses on Sunday morning. I was over at Grandma's next morning to see the dresses. Aunt Ann had finished them but would not let Tad put them on. They were for school. We all went to the little church-and-schoolhouse combined. Services began. After a little while we slipped out. We went back to Grandma's and Tad put on one of the dresses and then we went back to church, sitting back of our folks. Soon we slipped out again, went to Grandma's and Tad put on another dress and we went back to church. It was a long sermon. We left again and went to the house. But before she could don the third dress, church services were over and Tad put on the old dress. We went on back and mingled with the crowd.

Time passed. Sometimes I went with my mother to Cane Hill to visit Ann and Em *(Ann Morrow Hagood and Emma Morrow Andrews, her sisters)*. Tad was taller now. The plait of hair was longer and wider, but always hung over her shoulder.

Her music teacher had a recital. I went with Tad. She sang, "I am a little gypsy girl, my home is everywhere. I wander in the shady lanes and never know a care. I make my bed at night wherever I may be, for I'm a little gypsy girl."

Another time I went with her on the first day of school. While she was get-

ting books and her class assignments, two young ladies sat with me because I was Tom Hodges' baby sister. My brother had gone to school at Cane Hill College and was then at Little Rock attending medical school.

Not long after that, my father sold his farm on Cove Creek and we went to Cane Hill to live. Tad was almost grown then. All the boys were "stuck on her" for she was gay and pretty, often singing snatches of songs and playing the piano. There were hometown boys and some who came from Oklahoma and other parts of Arkansas to attend Cane Hill College. The main one at this time was Charlie, a handsome Caddo Indian. He and his brother boarded with Aunt Em. Stangely enough, he was the best dressed man in town. He was from Fort Smith.

Some young people were at my house one evening. We were playing "Skip to My Lou". Instead of calling like a square dance, they sang it. They sang, "Choose your partner, skip to my Lou". Tad went skipping across the room to choose Charlie but someone beat her to him, so she turned to Steve McColloch and said, "If I can't get an Indian, a white man will do."

Tad and I always found time to roam the orchards and the nearby woods that were full of wild plum trees and grapes and all kinds of wild flowers. Of course, we loved apples. Always we ate apples. In the Fall there would be the glory of the woods with leaves turning red and gold, a few late apples in the orchard, lots of walnuts and winter grapes and turnips.

Time went on and we were older and taller. A cousin, George Morrow, came for a visit from Birmingham, Alabama. Our house was large. We had turkeys, so Aunt Em and Ann brought their food. Aunt Ann was famous for white layer cake, Aunt Em for her sliced apple pies. There was a big dinner for all the kin in honor of Cousin George. Tad and I were bored so we slipped off to the barn and climbed to a safe place in the hayloft to watch a boy from Indian Territory ride bucking horses.

I recall one more song that Tad sang. It must have been at commencement or perhaps at a piano recital. It went like this: "My grandmother lives in yonder little green, as fine an old lady as ever was seen. But she talked to me often and warned me with care, Of all false young men to beware. But if all the young ladies of the young men had been afraid, then Grandma herself would have died an old maid."

It was soon after this that Tad's parents, Uncle George and Aunt Ann Hagood, and Aunt Em and Uncle Alex Andrews sold their homes at Cane Hill and went to live in Fayetteville so their children could attend the University. There were no more family dinners and Christmas trees or strolls in the orchards and woods.

The next important event was the day they all came to Grandma Morrow's funeral. Grandma spent the last years of her life with my parents at Cane Hill. They all came, and Tad showed me her ring. She was engaged to Ben McCurtain.

East Side of FAYETTEVILLE SQUARE in the 70's

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NE Corner in 1870's

SE Corner in 1870

SE Corner, 1982

First National Bank in 1982

....and in the 80's.

NE Corner in 1982

WASHINGTON COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT #145 (ROPER'S CHAPEL -WHITE)

by Robert G. Winn

School District No. 145 on the border between southern Washington and northern Crawford Counties in Arkansas was one of the very few districts in either county to have two separate schools at different locations in operation at the same time. Both schools eventually consolidated into Winslow. The original District 145 school house stood on the west side in the railroad hollow not far from No. 2 bridge on the Frisco. When that building was destroyed by fire so long ago that very few people remember it, the question arose as to where to locate a new school. The district was large, extending to the west down into the head of Blackburn Creek, and east to Singleton in Winfrey Valley, to the county line south, and to Winslow on the north. The distance from both east and west to any central location was too great for most pupils to walk; to do so meant some pupils would have to go up one steep mountain to the crest, then down into another hollow. To try to divide the district was impractical from a financial standpoint. Since schools were supported by local property taxes, none of the districts divided could collect enough money to hold school more than three months each year. The region was sparsely settled with early families whose chief income was from timber and the marginal small farms along the narrow valley floors or the thin land of the ridge tops.

By standards of the time, however, District 145 was not poor. It was bisected its entire length, north and south, by the Frisco railroad which paid taxes far in excess of money raised in districts that did not border the railroad. Neither side of the district wanted to sacrifice this revenue to the other. At the time the district was divided into two schools, while still keeping it as a single district, the nearest school on the east was in Winfrey Valley, which is in Crawford County, and Old Red, far to the west along the side of a mountain near present Blackburn in Washington County, Sassafras Pond, in the southwest, was in Washington County.

To the east and south, students from Mount Gayler in Crawford County had to attend District 145 or none at all after the nearest northern Crawford County school, Wooster, was destroyed by fire. The next closest school for these pupils was Becky Wright in Winfrey Valley, or a very poor school (a division of Becky Wright) called by the unlikely name of "Who'd-a'Thought It". This latter building was perched on the steep hillside across the road and up the mountain above Boston Mountain Lodge beside present Highway 71 in Crawford County.

The only person interviewed about these schools who even remembered "Who'd-a'Thought It" was Lester Kelley who provided the information that it was a part of Becky Wright and was built to provide a school for pupils on Cartwright Mountain and the hill country nearby. The school collected so little tax money that it was not able to operate many years.

A settlement was finally reached — to build two schools in District No. 145, one on each side of the railroad hollow, but to keep the one district, with

directors for both schools coming from each side of the hollow. One director was to come from each side of the hollow, and a third alternating from one side or the other. The one on the west side, near the Bunyard Road, was called "White". Mrs. Elsie Center Jones who grew up on the farm of her father John Center, south of White, says that her uncle Hosea Wilson and Mrs. Sarah Hart donated the land for the new school. Elsie thinks that the name "White" was used because the new frame building was a gleaming white. Residents in the community were very pleased with their new white school building, which was quite a contrast to the drab, unpainted structure which had previously served in the hollow near the railroad.

This decision to have two schools in the same district came about in part by the negotiations of a farmer-minister named Roper who lived near present Highway 71. His farm, on which the school was located, encompassed acreage on both sides of the present highway near the side road that turns west, with a roster of names along that west road, which was at the time the main road between Winslow and the village of Porter (Schaberg).

The location of Mr. Roper's residence is still easily identified by the ancient cedar that stood in the front yard, but the house disappeared long ago. The old well curb is there near the cedar. The entire area is fenced and overgrown. Mr. Roper had built a chapel on his land a short distance around the curve of present Highway 71. He donated the chapel and an acre of land surrounding it to the district for a school on condition that it would continue to be used for religious services. At that time, and for some years to come, services were continued there.

One interesting fact is that both the two school houses still stand, whereas many of the old one-room school buildings have been demolished. These two

Roper's Chapel school in 1923. Identification: Back row L. to R. - Tennie Smith, Nolie Riddle, Calvin Smith, Ollie Baker, Edna Robinson, Guy Baker. Front row: Ethel Cook holding basketball, Duskie Robinson behind Velma Smith, Beulah Cook, Mabel Robinson, Bernice Smith, Annie Webb, Herman Center, Austin Center. The picture was taken by teacher Robert Winn.

were sold and converted into private residences. Roper's Chapel has slight, if any, resemblance to the school where children learned their ABC's. It stands on its original foundation, but rooms have been added, changing its appearance. A deep spring at the bottom of the hollow behind the school provided an ample supply of pure water. Only a short distance farther along Highway 71 to the south, a marker beside the road indicates the boundary between Washington and Crawford counties.

Roper's Chapel School House in 1923

Across the railroad hollow, White school house still stands and was last occupied by Paul and Bertha Center Caudle. It was turned on its foundations, so that what had been the side of the building now faces the road and a porch extends across the side toward the road. The curb of the well which furnished water for White school is just south, between the house and the road. A few years before both these schools were consolidated into Winslow, a second smaller room was added to White and one or two years of high school subjects were taught by a second teacher.

Both schools stood almost directly opposite No. 2 bridge on the railroad. Friendly competition existed between the two schools. For many years each school took a day to visit the other and compete in sports and scholastic achievement. Each pupil carried his own lunch and all enjoyed an hour of friendly play at noon. Spelling competitions as well as "ciphering matches" were held. No prizes were awarded, but each side would gloat over superior achievement when winning the competition. The distance down into the hollow under No. 2 bridge and up the steep hill opposite the other school

might be considered too much for today's children who are accustomed to riding the bus even short distances to and from school, but in those days children from White would walk from their homes deep in Blackburn Creek Hollow or other far places, then walk across railroad hollow to romp and play all day, then return home to help with the family's evening chores. From Roper's Chapel side, small children walked from south of Mount Gayler to school, then across the hollow to enjoy a day at White.

Because District 145 enjoyed the benefit of railroad taxes, both schools could pay better salaries to their teachers and have longer terms than many other rural districts not bordering the railroad.

When children had to walk long distances to the nearest school they sometimes had to cross county lines. Now, with consolidation, busses run from Winslow to the county line on both sides of the railroad hollow, which means going to the Bunyard community on the west and just south of Roper's Chapel on the east. The bus from Mountainburg picks up children north of Mount Gayler to the Crawford County line, almost to what was Roper's Chapel. The county line does not run directly east and west. On the east side of the railroad hollow, it is only a few hundred yards south of Roper's Chapel, but on the west side it extends much farther south to the Bunyard community.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FAYETTEVILLE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY 1841-1844

May 16, 1842 - Evening fine and the Methodist Church was filled almost to overflowing; opened by prayer.

A.W. Arrington appeared and delivered (one of the finest) lectures on the subject of temperance ever delivered in the FAR WEST. Ordered that General S.G. Sneed be requested to address this society at its regular meeting next. No further business. The meeting closed in peace and harmony.

R.P. Pulliam

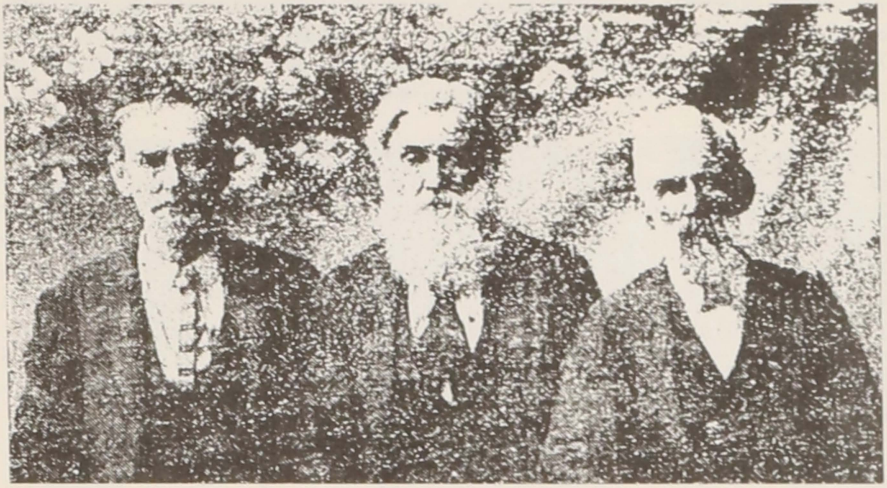
Monday, August 2nd, 1843: The trial of W.T. Larremore came on to be heard, who publicly confessed that he had drank WINE, which was proven by witnesses to be intoxicating liquor, after which the Board took the case under consideration and after due deliberation thereon, they have agreed and expressly understood that said Larremore ought to be reported to the Society at its next regular meeting as a person unworthy of membership in said Society.

There being no further business before the Board, ordered that the Society adjourn till meeting in course.

E.C. Trimble, Secretary

THREE WEST COUNTY GENTLEMEN

From The Westville Wigwam (no date)



From left to right - J.M. Chandler, George Gibson, and J.F. Bates.

From Boyhood to Old Age - A Glimpse of the Past Life of Three Men Who Have Spent Their Days Together. An Interesting Story Extending from the Early Settlement of This County.

Professor J.F.(James Franklin) Bates was born May 4, 1831 on what is known as the Volney English Place near Cane Hill, Washington County, Arkansas. He worked on a farm until he was about 21 years of age, and received a primary education at Cane Hill. Among his school mates at that time were J.M. Chandler whose picture is herewith shown, F.B. Severs of Muskogee, and James Mitchell who was editor of the Arkansas Democrat at Little Rock until his death two years ago.

In 1852 he began teaching school in Delaware District, Cherokee Nation. In 1857 he married Miss Margaret Crawford, who was his faithful wife until her death in 1888. From 1855 to 1857, the young teacher gave up his vocation and removed to Kansas where he helped survey the territory. Here a home was established, but on account of the unsettled conditions in that country, the young pioneer returned to Washington County and began teaching school among the Cherokees again, and continued until the outbreak of the Civil War. After that he returned to his farm near Cincinnati. Above five years ago, the Bates Hotel was erected in this city *(Westville)* and he removed from his farm to Westville.

Professor Bates bears the distinction of being one of the oldest teachers in the Cherokee Nation, there being only three teachers living today in the Cherokee Nation. The other two are Walter Duncan of Tahlequah, who

taught his first school in 1845, and Isaac Hitchcock who began teaching in 1845.

J.M. Chandler, the subject of this sketch, was born April 23, 1833 at Evansville, Washington County. He was educated at Evansville Academy and Cane Hill College.

His boyhood days were spent on a farm, and he now retains an interest in the farm on which he was raised.

He was married in 1859 to Miss Margaret Morrow who died in 1861. He began clerking in the store of Heard & Allen at Wilsonville, a small village near Evansville. He worked here only a short time, and soon a partnership business was formed to establish the mercantile firm of Chandler & Dannenberg. This business continued until the beginning of the Civil War when $5,000 worth of goods was destroyed.

Mr. Chandler served through the Civil War with the Confederate army.

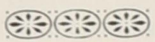
In 1865 he married again, a Miss Helena M. Ewing of Prairie Grove. His store business was moved to Evansville one year after having been established at Wilsonville. Here he remained in business for 29 years, afterwards engaging in the mercantile business at Fayetteville and Springdale. Five years ago a business was established at Westville where, by conservative business methods a splendid business has been built up. He has a pleasant family at Fayetteville, a wife, daughter and son, whom he visits almost weekly.

The information on the third member of this triumvirate was given *The Wigwam* by R.A. Medearis, a lifelong friend.

George Gibson was born in Washington County, Arkansas in 1832. He was married to Miss Jennie Thomason in 1860. In 1862 he resigned as Sheriff of Washington County and enlisted in the 34th Arkansas Infantry. He was elected lieutenant in this organization and was soon afterward promoted to captain, where he served until the close of the war in 1865. His company participated in engagements at Helena and Jenkins Ferry, Arkansas.

After the close of the war he returned to his home near Cincinnati and engaged in farming until 1899 when he moved to Westville and engaged in the banking business with the Westville bank until his death which occurred February 19, 1904. His aged wife is still living at her home in this city. A daughter, Mrs. C.S. Denton, and a son, George, lives in Westville. Another son, D.E. Gibson, is a prosperous farmer across the state line, two miles east of town.

Editor's Note: Can any reader date this information found in the files of the Washington County Historical Society?



The earth is our present garden and a path for our feet, but each grain of soil is also a history and a romance.

The smoothness of the stone is the story of many waters.

Kenneth L. Patton

TWO STIRMAN BROTHERS

by Rowena McCord Gallaway

The following story is from a manuscript found in the files of the Washington County Historical Society. It is undated, but as Mrs. Galloway contributed frequently to FLASHBACK in its early days, we can assume that she wrote it in the 1950's.

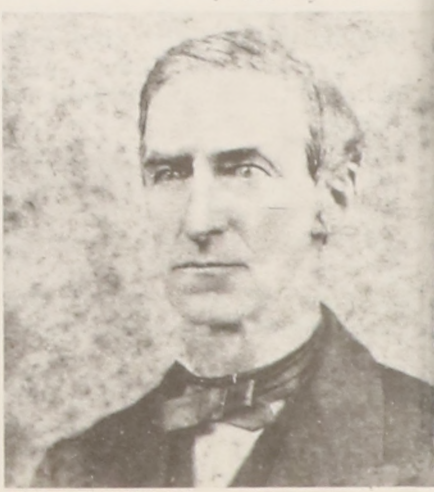
James Harvey Stirman migrated to Washington County, Arkansas in 1839 and his brother, Dr. John Irving Stirman, either accompanied him or joined him later. These gentlemen came from Kentucky and were nephews of Rev. William Stirman who had come to Arkansas from Kentucky some ten years earlier.

Identity of given names shows a kinship of their respective families. William Stirman, the minister, had a son James H. (probably Harvey) and another son Valentine Irving. The name Irving persisted in later generations, notably as a middle name, i.e. Erasmus I. Stirman, said to have been the youngest colonel in the Confederate Army.

J. Harvey and John I. Stirman were among the prominent ante-bellum citizens of Washington County. J.H. Stirman lived in Fayetteville for forty years. During most of that time he was a leader in business and civic affairs, and an active patron of education. He and his wife were good friends to that pioneer preceptress, Miss Sophia Sawyer who was sometimes a guest in their home. It was at their residence that Miss Annie James was received with cordial hospitality when she arrived in town to teach at Miss Sawyer's school. Mr. Stirman was an incorporator and trustee of Arkansas College in 1853, and of the short-lived Fayetteville Female Institute.

The Stirmans were also friends of Mrs. Sarah Ridge, the widow of Chief John Ridge. An old "Accounts Current" record from the Will Book shows J.H. Stirman as guardian of Flora C. Ridge, a minor on January 1, 1851, and of Andrew Ridge on January 2, 1851. (This entry is interesting for mention of names of some Ridge family servants.)

J. Harvey Stirman



Like many of his associates, J. Harvey Stirman was an active and enthusiastic Mason. He is shown as Grand Master of Washington Lodge No. 1 in 1848 and as High Priest of Far West Chapter in 1855. He was well acquainted with the distinguished pioneer Mason, Archibald Yell, and was present when that hero was buried at Waxhaws in 1847 and at Evergreen Cemetery in 1872. For years, Mr. Stirman was the proud owner of Yell's desk-bookcase which, after her husband's death, Mrs. Stirman gave to another Masonic friend of his, Col. J.A. Van Hoose.

For his livelihood Mr. Stirman was a retail merchant. We quote the Fayetteville correspondent in 1849 in the *Van Buren Intelligencer*. "The retail business here is important and the merchants engaged in it are 'coining money' faster than they could do it in California. Messrs. Stirman and Dickson are doing a fine business and I must say that dry goods are retailed here as cheap as at Van Buren. They are able to do so on account of the small expense of storekeepers, living, etc."

(Those indeed must have been halcyon days in Fayetteville. The firm of Stirman and Dickson handled a wide variety of goods,from jewelry to hardware.)

Mr. Stirman's business activity, however, was not confined to selling merchandise as is shown by an old bill of sale belonging today to Alexander heirs:

> I have this day (as the agent of Riggs of Penn.) sold to John Alexander a negro woman named Nancy, about 39 years old, and her child Ellen, about 5 years old, both warranted to be of sound mind and slaves for life, and I do hereby (as the agent of said Riggs and Company) warranty and defend the title to same negroes against the claim or claims of any person or persons whatsoever.
>
> Given under my hand this fifth day of Sept. 1845.
>
> Jas. H. Stirman
> For Riggs and Co.
>
> Attest: Joan Grant

In the year 1853, Messrs, Stirman and Dickson built what is believed to have been the first steam mill in Northwest Arkansas. In June of 1854 James H. Stirman, Alf M. Wilson and Jonas Tebbetts were appointed to let the contract for a new courthouse. George D. Baker built it for $6,900. On June 17th, a new construction contract entered into by G.D. Baker gave bond for $2,000 to J.H. Stirman, J.L. Dickson, L.E. Cunningham and J.H. Tebbetts as securities for the building, so far as the $2,000 was concerned.

In 1858, Mr. Stirman joined other citizens in an effort to obtain a railroad for Fayetteville and Northwest Arkansas.

When a new city charter was granted by the legislature, J.H. Stirman was one of seven councilmen elected to serve under the new mayor, Jacob W. Walter. At the February 1861 election, Mr. Stirman was designated a delegate to the proposed state convention of secession. He received the largest number of votes cast — 1,924 — even more than Judge David Walker who subsequently was made president of that history-making body.

From comments of his partner, Mr. Joseph Lawrence Dickson, we conclude that Mr. Stirman was the more aggressive, the more optimistic of the two. Mr. Dickson was evidently the conservative member of the firm, as he continually advocated selling only for cash. He had little confidence in the buying ability of his partner. To quote one entry from his diary: "Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1854, Stirman, lady and son left for the East by the St. Louis route in company with Henry Rieff. I make no calculation of making money as Stirman is not a good buyer, this is certain." And again: "April 17, 1854, two boxes (arrived) from C. Cope and Company and I don't think that the selections are good either as to taste, quality or price. Ribbons and embroideries appear

cheap enough, but then all is said." In the year 1860 Messrs. Stirman and Dickson, like their contemporaries in the retail trade, ran notices in the local papers asking those indebted to them to settle: "We must have money or something that will pay debts."

Since their Eastern connections enabled them to be "General Conveyor of the News" in the locality, the store conducted by Messrs. Stirman and Dickson was an important community center for the county.

During the palmy days of Mr. Stirman's mercantile career, that "merchant prince" of America, A.T. Stewart of Alexander-Turney-Stewart and Company, presented Mr. and Mrs. Stirman with a handsome mantel piece of Italian marble for their new home. This residence stood on East Street, a short block north of the public square. W.S. Campbell, author of "100 Years of Fayetteville" recalls: "The writer saw the place in its beauty in 1896, great elms, lovely lawn, spacious." The mantel piece came by sea, gulf and river to Van Buren, then up the hilly roads to Fayetteville. This present proved to be a much admired addition to the handsome furnishings of the Stirman home.

Aunt Katie, Katie Winlock Stirman, Mrs. Harvey

One afternoon toward the close of the century, this domicile was the scene of a large tea given by "Aunt Katie" as Mrs. Stirman was often called. She was the daughter of a Revolutionary War soldier, Capt. George Robards. One of her cherished possessions was the silver spoon presented to her by the national society — Daughters of the American Revolution.

After Mrs. Stirman died and her residence passed from family ownership,

Mr. Phil Maguire bought that marble mantel piece and installed it in his large new frame house on West Dickson. This marble piece was later purchased by Mrs. Jay Fulbright and installed in her home on Mt. Nord.*(Editor's note: This home is now occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Joe B. Hall, but the location of the mantel piece is presently unknown.)*

Noteworthy also is the fact than an old leather trunk of "Aunt Katie" Stirman's has been preserved in the home of Mrs. C.B. Paddock as a token of the warm friendship that existed between the families of J.H. Stirman and Dr. S.F. Paddock. *(Location of this trunk is also a mystery today.)*

Also extant is the J.H. Stirman family Bible. On one of its flyleaves "Uncle Harvey" wrote — evidently in his last days — "The longest liver gets this." *(Do any of our readers know who that was?)* From the records of the Bible we learn the following facts:

> James H. Stirman was born February 5, 1807 in Richmond, Ky.
> James Harvey Stirman and Catherine Robards were married Tuesday, August 28, 1838 at Palmyra, Missouri.
> James William Stirman was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas, August 23, 1839.
> George Thomas Stirman was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas, June 5, 1842. (Among the earliest interments in Evergreen Cemetery in Fayetteville were those of two children who were cousins: five-year-old George Thomas Stirman and little _____ Pollard, the beautiful daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T.J. Pollard, died age 4. They lie beneath old-time flat stones level with the ground.)

James William Stirman — "Jimmy" to his parents and intimate friends — attended Capt. S.R. Bell's company, being one of the very first to volunteer for the defense of his native state. He participated in that "First Manassass of the West", the Battle of Wilson's Creek.

J.W. Stirman was one of the incorporators in 1884 of the Pacific and Great Eastern Railway Company which for several years operated a unique line to Wyman. When the Fayetteville Building and Loan Association was organized in 1886, James Stirman was its first secretary. He is, however, better remembered as a long-time employee of the McIlroy Bank, being bookkeeper and assistant to everybody needing help.

James W. Stirman was a bachelor. In his last years, when poor health forced him to quit work, he was befriended by the cultured and kind Mrs. Mary Paddock (Mrs. S.F.) who received him into her household. He died at her home in 1906.

Mr. J.H. Stirman was an invalid for several years prior to his death which occurred Monday, November 17, 1879. The following sketch appeared in the *Sentinel* November 25, 1879:

The Late J.H. Stirman

> The passing away of such a man as J. Harvey Stirman after an upright life of many years in this community demands more than the brief paragraphs announcing his death which was all we had time or space for last week.
>
> He was a native of Madison County, Kentucky, born in 1807 and was in his 73rd year at the time of his death. He came to this

place in 1839 and was known far and wide and until his business was destroyed by the war, held a leading position in this section of the state. He once filled the office of Postmaster, and twice that of the Registrar of the Land Office, while his services were invoked and faithfully given to many of our local societies.

He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1861 and follows to the grave one of his colleagues, Judge David Walker, within a few weeks. Two other members from this county in that honorable body, Hons. T.M. Gunter and John A.P. Parks, survive him.

Mr. Stirman was twice married, his first wife dying in early life. He married the second time in 1838 the estimable lady who has been his devoted and faithful companion through the remainder of his days and now survives him. His children have preceded him to the grave, except one son — Mr. James W. Stirman of this city.

John Irving Stirman

John Irving Stirman was born in 1813 at Richmond, Kentucky and died January 18, 1897 at the age of 63. On moving to Fayetteville he was appointed local Postmaster on December 11, 1841 and served as such for three years. Having studied medicine in his native state, Doctor Stirman soon established a good practice in his new home and during the 1840's became one of the leading physicians of Washington County, Arkansas.

Dr. Stirman's wife and the wife of James Harvey Stirman were cousins. Both were born in Kentucky. Mrs. John I. Stirman was the former Elizabeth Magdalene Winlock. She and Dr. Stirman were married January 20, 1841. This couple were the parents of three children, two of whom were born in Fayetteville: Anna Mary, born February 12, 1844, George Thomas, born February 12, 1849, and W.H., born September 23, 1856.

George Thomas Stirman had eleven children, one of whom is (date of this reference unknown) Mrs. Ray Davis. A granddaughter is Mrs. Richard Linebarger of Little Rock. Mr. Davis relates this incident from family stories:

> In 1860, Dr. Stirman's only daughter, Mary Anna, was attending school in New England. She wrote to her father that from what she heard she feared there was going to be a war, and that she wanted to come home. Dr. Stirman went for her. On his way he took a lot of silver dollars to Philadelphia and ordered these to be made into tableware. On the return trip, he and his daughter stopped for these pieces which today remain a prized family treasure.

Dr. Stirman left Fayetteville in the mid-fifties, moving to Pope County, where he practiced for a time at Norristown. Subsequently, he removed to Dardanelle. There "he built up a fine practice and an enduring reputation".

John I. Stirman was a political leader, one of the statesman type. He represented his district — Yell and Perry Counties — in the Arkansas Senate for four years. He was Secretary of State from March, 1860, to March, 1862, during a critical and most trying period of Arkansas' history.

He read Governor Rector's logical and eloquent wartime proclamation to

the people of Arkansas, issued on the last day of January, 1862. This was an appeal for prompt defense of the state, a call to organized military companies to report for duty and to other citizens to enlist: "Counsel and persuade the young men of your neighborhood, your country to go and never, never wait, to be drafted." This document was signed "Henry M. Rector, Governor and ex-officio President Military Board by the Governor, John I. Stirman, Secretary of State." John Irving Stirman might well have been proud to affix his signature to such a masterpiece of rhetoric and patriotic content.

Dr. Stirman was frequently a delegate to political conventions. He was at Baltimore in 1860 when the Democrats nominated Vice President John Cabell Breckinridge for President.

OFFICIAL SEAL FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

After 154 years as a political entity, Washington County has finally adopted its own official seal. Up to now, county documents have carried the complicated seal of the State of Arkansas.

The new county seal was presented to the County Quorum Court by County Judge Charles Johnson on February 18, 1982 and was unanimously adopted by the Court.

The clear and simple new seal, as shown above, depicts the present county courthouse, and is unencumbered by the Latin phrases and multiple symbols which are a part of the state seal.

MORE ABOUT THE HANNAH FAMILY

by Mrs. Robert D. Skelton

(The material below was prompted by the article in the November issue on the John F. Hannah family. When a list of Civil War soldiers buried in Washington County was published in FLASHBACK beginning in May 1980 and continued in August, only Thomas A. Hannah appeared in the list. John F. Hannah, as well as two of his sons — Thomas A. and Andrew V. — and son-in-law William Alexander Skelton were all buried at Howell Cemetery. The youngest son, Robert O. Hannah, was buried at Prairie Grove. These men all served in the same company which was commanded for a few months by their father, John F. Hannah, at age 66. Two other sons in the same company remained in Tennessee. It seems a fairly remarkable Civil War story to me. These names were not added when the list concluded in the November 1980 issue.)

THE MATHEWS (MATHES) FAMILY IN AMERICA by I.C. VanDeventer was published in 1925 by Alexander Printing Company of Kansas City, Missouri. The East Tennessee ancestor, Alexander Mathes and wife Ann Leith are buried at Old Salem Presbyterian Church Cemetery adjoining Washington College in Washington County, Tennessee, which was founded by Samuel Doak. Alexander Mathes was one of the original elders of Salem Church and later gave land for the church site as well as Washington College. The latter celebrated its Bicentennial in 1980 and is still a going concern at the secondary level. It is a remarkable place of education and activity in a rural area. Among the ten children of Alexander Mathes was Miriam who married Thomas Alexander Telford, and they are also buried at Old Salem. Their daughter, Anna Grace Telford, married John F. Hannah in Washington County, Tennessee on June 8, 1823.

The sketch of the John F. Hannah family beginning on page 19 of the Mathes Family book contains some errors. It states that John Pruit Hannah was a brother of Amanda D. Hannah, which is incorrect. She was a daughter of Andrew Hannah of Washington County Tennessee who also had a son John Hannah born November, 1797, so that has caused confusion. Several have claimed parentage of our John F. Hannah as Andrew Hannah, above.

Parentage of John F. Hannah is also partially incorrect in the Mathes book. His parents were William Hannah and wife Jane McConnell, which I have documented from Blount County, Tennessee county records, a bounty land claim and power of attorney of Jane to her son, John F. Hannah. Jane is buried at Benton, Polk County, Tennessee and we have visited her grave. William was evidently buried in Blount County where he died in 1811.

John F. Hannah raised the first county company in Polk County in the Civil War, entering State Service on May 16, 1861, Confederate Service on June 6, 1861, elected as Captain, May 19, 1861. This was Co. F. 19th Regt., Tennessee Infantry, later absorbed into Co. H., 3rd Regt., Tennessee Volunteers (Cons.). I have his resignation dated December 30, 1861 at Camp Walker, Virginia "due to old age and general disability of several months...age 66 years." In his company were his five sons and son-in-law William Alex-

ander Skelton, all of whom survived the war. His command was taken over by his son, John Harvey Hannah.

I wish to enlarge on the family of Jane McConnell Hannah and William Alexander Skelton as they are my husband's great-grandparents.

Jane McConnell Hannah, b. 24 May 1836 Bradley County, Tennessee, in what was later Polk County, Tennessee, d. 10 November 1921, Prairie Grove, Washington County, Arkansas. She married William Alexander Skelton 12 June 1860 in Polk County, Tennessee. He was born 23 September 1832 in McMinn County, Tennessee and died 11 December, 1901 in Washington County Arkansas of rattlesnake bite. Their children were:

1. John Whitfield, b. 11 November 1861, Polk County, Tennessee; d. 12 January 19212, St. Maries, Benewah County, Idaho; m. 24 October 1886 Martha Warren, Washington County, Arkansas. They went west in 1887 and had six children.
2. Robert Henry, b. 6 May 1870, Washington County, Arkansas , d. 4 February 1850, Prairie Grove, Washington County, Arkansas; m. Lucinda Hypasia Wheeler and Ella Elizabeth West. Lucinda was b. 16 September 1874 in Washington County and d. 21 December 1950. Both buried in Prairie Grove.Their children were:
   (1) Guy Clifford, b. 2 May 1893, Moffitt, Washington County, d. 1 April 1961 in Prairie Grove, m. Tressie Nugent 25 December 1915; had two sons, Elton P. and Guy Donald, both of Prairie Grove.
   (2) Rex Whitfield, b 28 July 1895, Moffitt, Washington County, d. 23 August 1964 in Siloam Springs, Washington County; m. (first) Lulu May Switzer 24 December 1914 and had one daughter Lula Fae; m. (second) Frances Morton.
   (3) Gordon Wheeler, b. 15 April 1903, Hubbard, Washington County, d 28 November 1969, Tucson, Arizona; m. (first) Vyron Lucille Day 26 January 1924, Washington County; two sons, Robert Day and Richard Gordon; m. (second) Mabel Bower Todd 7 July 1952.
   (4) Fred Marvin, b. 15 January 1908, Hubbard, Washington County; m. 30 May 1937 Erma Lee Waters; one son Robert Howard. Fred and Erma Lee live in Tahlequah, Oklahoma.
   (5) Lyda Lou, b. 30 October 1910, Hubbard, Washington County; m. 8 October 1938 Conley Hilton. They have no children but Lyda taught two or three generations of children in Prairie Grove where she and Conley live in retirement. Conley still manages to have one of the best gardens in town.

I have collected data on these and others of Bob's ancestors who went from East Tennessee to Washington County, Arkansas. It has been a joy to meet kin and visit places of origin. One special person was Miss Hattie Lyle of Benton, Polk County, Tennessee, one of the last grandchildren of Elizabeth Hanna Stephenson. Hattie had several Hannah family possessions, and remembered Robert O. Hannah's visit to Benton in 1916. She died last August, a valiant lady.

THE STARRS OF OLD STARR HILL

(From the book written by Dean and Barbara Starr, in collaboration with Ruth Holt Payne and Burlene Hilton)

Lincoln, in Washington County, Arkansas, was first called Starr Hill. It is in Starr Hill Township, and there is a street named for the pioneer Starr family which arrived in this area in 1870, before the town was officially named Lincoln in 1884. As we prepare to observe its 100th birthday, we see the Starrs standing tall among the "founding fathers".

The first arrivals in this part of Washington County settled north of where the town is now located, on what was to be known as Beaty Mountain in 1829. A store and post office combined was established in the home of Alexander Beaty for whom the community was named. The post office was established in 1877 under the name Mt. Hayes, but was discontinued in 1879. As other families continued to arrive, the community crept southward until the town that was eventually called Lincoln was formed.

The Starrs were among these later settlers, having arrived in 1870. The Starr history from which this material is taken tells the origin of the Starrs as far back as the authors could trace them to Jackson County, Indiana. John and Hannah Osborn Starr had nine children: James, b. November 14, 1814, Jackson County, Indiana, married Belinda Clem February 16, 1838 at Williamsport, Warren County, Indiana, d. February 25, 1901, Lincoln, Arkansas; Sarah, daughter of John, b. April 22, 1817, Jackson County, Indiana, married John Clem April 22, 1838, Williamsport, Warren County, Indiana, d. sometime before 1880 at Siloam Springs, Benton County, Arkansas; Anna, daughter of John, b. 1819, Jackson County, Indiana, married Enoch Osborn May 17, 1838 in Williamsport, Warren County, Indiana, d. probably Bourbon County, Kansas; a female child was born 1822 in Jackson County, Indiana, d. before 1840; Dominda, daughter of John and Hannah, b. 1826, Tippecanoe County, Indiana, married Nancy Rinehart, 1861, Bates County, Missouri, d. probably in Los Anima County, Colorado; Rebecca, daughter of John and Hanna, b. 1832, Tippecanoe County, Indiana; and Lydia, daughter of John and Hanna, b. 1836, Warren County, Indiana, no further information.

The following pursues the lineage of James Starr who settled in Washington County, Arkansas in 1870 and had much to do with the development of the Lincoln area. James and Belinda had four children: Mary Jane, b. February 14, 1839 Warren County, Indiana, married Joseph Liburn Carter in July of 1861. Mary Jane died April 20, 1912 at Lincoln, Arkansas. Joseph, or Liburn, as he was called, was b. 1836, d. 1917. Children of this couple were: Lillie Mae, b. 1862 Bourbon County, Kansas, d. Starr Hill, 1881, first person buried in Lincoln cemetery (Starr Hill had by then become Lincoln). John W. Carter, son of Liburn and Mary Jane, was born June, 1864 in Bourbon County, Kansas, d. Lincoln. 1950. James, son of Liburn and Mary Jane, was b. 1866, d. 1945. James was married to Mae Rauch, August 30, 1885. Mae was b.

1870, d. 1902. Their children were: Joe, Edna, Lonnie, James, Genevieve, and Bernice. Hanna, daughter of Liburn and Mary Jane, b. 1869 in Bourbon County, Kansas, married John Murphy. Jerome, son of Liburn and Mary Jane, b. June 8, 1871, Washington County, Arkansas, married Lucy Martin, b. July 6, 1880, d. September 17, 1967. Nancy, daughter of Liburn and Mary Jane, b. June 116, 1874, Washington County, Arkansas, d. 1936, married Samuel Martin, b. 1874, d. January 28, 1919. Eva, daughter of Liburn and Mary Jane, b. July 7, 1881, Washington County, married George Burns, b. December 6, 1877, d. June 20, 1920.

John, son of James and Belinda Starr, b. August 14, 1841, Mount Township, Warren County, Indiana, married Susan Jane Hobson, Mary 20, 1866, Bourbon County, Kansas, d. August 1, 1918, Lincoln, buried Lincoln cemetery. Their children were: Adah Alice, b. May 1867, Blue Mound Township, Linn County, Kansas, never married; Beatrice Belinda, b. August 25, 1869, Blue Mound Township, Linn County, Kansas; David Hobson Starr, b. February 27, 1872, Eureka Springs, Arkansas; Mary Etta, b. May 23, 1874, Eureka Springs; John Warren Starr, b. January 20, 1879, Eureka Springs, Arkansas. John Starr's second marriage was to Margaret Elizabeth Truckee Jones. (She acquired the name "Truckee" from her brother who had gone to California before she was born and when he returned and found a new baby sister gave her the name of the river he had come to love.) John and Margaret had two sons: Burton George, b. November 12, 1896, d. September 5, 1963, Klamath Falls, Oregon, married Hester Estella Holt, June 4, 1916, Lincoln, Arkansas. John's second son was Theodore Roosevelt, b. November 22, 1898, d. December 25, 1920 in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, married Eva Ina Morris.

Hannah, daughter of James Starr, b. August 9, 1843, Mound Township, Warren County, Indiana, first married Martha Thompson, June 20, 1870; second marriage to Sarah Henson. He died October 17, 1919, Lincoln, buried in Lincoln cemetery. William and Martha had four children: (1) James, b. December 6, 1871, Cane Hill Township, Arkansas, married Lodelia Craven, Lincoln, Arkansas. James died November 7, 1936, Selma, Fresno County, California, buried in Selma Cemetery. (2) Samuel John Starr, b. September 20, 1875, Cane Hill Township, Arkansas, married Catherine Brown, December 10, 1900. Samuel died May, 1946, Lincoln, and is buried in Lincoln cemetery. (3) Ivah, daughter of William Starr, b. October 12, 1879, Cane Hill Township, Arkansas, married Eugene (Judge) King January 14, 1906, d. August 11, 1956, Lincoln, and is buried in Lincoln cemetery. (4) Olive (Ollie), fourth child of William Starr, b. November 19, 1883, Starr Hill Township, Arkansas, d. July 16, 1936, Craig, Moffet County, Colorado, married Louis Otto Heyne, December 31, 1900.

Due to the efforts of James Starr in the development of the Lincoln area, Starr Hill Township was formed, the first school in Lincoln was called Starr Hill and the town was originally named Starr Hill. There is a Starr Street, also, in memory of this pioneer family. William, John and Samuel Starr were carpenters, having built many homes and businesses.

MORE ABOUT THE WESTS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS

by Louise West Penney

Editor's note: The February 1982 issue carried a story about the Wests of Washington County by Mrs. Penney who shares with us in the following story more information she has unearthed about these families who were well-known in early Washington County.

Edward West, my great-grandfather, was born 23 November 1823 in Tennessee and died 3 June 1896 in Washington County, Arkansas. He married Mary Ann Mock on 17 March 1846 in Sevier County, Tennessee. She died 10 February 1890 in Washington County. They had nine children, three of whom died young and three of whom never married. Their oldest son was John Mock West, my grandfather, who was born 14 January 1847 in Viney Grove, Arkansas and died 26 December 1920 in Del Rio, Texas. He married on 26 December 1871 Valeria Skelton who was born 26 September 1851, and died 21 December 1933 in Colton, California.

John fought for the Confederacy by joining the 3rd Cherokee Regiment, Bryant's Battalion, Beatty's Company, under the famous Indian general, Stand Watie. He enlisted when he was not quite 16 at the end of 1862, and served until the end of the war. Records show Stand Watie as being the last general to surrender. (His father Edward did not join the Confederacy, but records show he stayed at times with his son in Indian Territory for protection.)

The eldest daughter of Edward and Mary Ann West was Mary Agnes, born 27 May 1851 in Viney Grove, and died in 1930. On 26 November 1873 she married Joseph Tilley. Because of harassment in Prairie Grove during the was, Joseph went with his father John to Texas where his father died in early 1865. Joseph managed to find a small sorrel pony for his return home. In spite of all the devastation, his mother had managed to keep one ox, and with the pony and ox he put in crops and managed to feed the family with the help of wild game. He and Mary Agnes had three children. Their daughter Ada Tilley, born 1879 and died in 1976, on the 29th of December 1904 married Herbert E. Buchanan (1881-1974). They restored the old Tilley house (see The Antebellum Tilley House near Prairie Grove, *FLASHBACK*, August 1966).

Elizabeth Jane, the second daughter of Edward and Mary Ann West, was born 28 May 1859 and died 26 August 1889. According to the Arkansas *Sentinel* of Fayetteville, 19 October 1886, "S.B. Marrs, Jr. and Lizzie West were married 13th inst. at residence of bride's father, E.D. West, Viney Grove."

My grandmother Valeria Skelton's grandfather William Skelton (see The William and John Thaddeus Skelton Families, *FLASHBACK*, July 1960) came to Fayetteville, ca 1829, with wife, Pollie Gordon Skelton (she is buried in Mt. Comfort with several of her children. The 1830 Census lists William as assistant marshall. In the July 1837 Account of Sale of Lots, he is the owner of Lots 2, 3, 4, Bl. 15 for $15, $16, $15. He learned the trade of hatter in Tennessee, but was a freighter and farmer in Arkansas. They had ten children. (See Diary of Miss Meck Skelton, *FLASHBACK*, May 1961.) William's

widowed mother-in-law, Elizabeth Stockstill Gordon (buried in Gehrings Chapel cemetery) came ca 1836 with her large family of sons and daughters and in-laws. The Civil War drastically disrupted their lives. William's oldest son, James, died from wounds at Pea Ridge (CSA) and his younger son, William Lycurgus, died at the Battle of Corinth (CSA).

Establishment of the Federal garrison in Fayetteville caused problems for William with his southern sympathies, so, along with his neighbor Hezekiah Appleby, they loaded several wagons with tools and possessions and, with their slaves, left to establish a home in Waco, Texas. Both died from typhoid on the way. (See A Young Woman in Wartime Washington County, *FLASHBACK*, July 1952.) Dr. Robert Logan, deceased, a charter member of the Washington County Historical Society, son of Polly Skelton Logan, was a descendant of William Skelton.

Valeria Skelton, who was about 12 at the time, retained vivid memories of the looting and burning of her grandfather's home. She would tell her grandchildren of hiding in the woods all night to escape the soldiers. She was bitter all her life towards the North, would never wear blue nor dress her five daughters in that color.

The West, Mock and Rogers families were related through marriages. The 1830 Census of Pigeon Forge, Sevier Co., Tennessee has adjoining households of Philip Mock and Samuel Hamilton West. Philip, born 4 January 1797, died 18 September 1840, Sevier County, Tennessee, married Jane Wilson 30 November 1820. They had five children; two died young and the other three came to Viney Grove. Agnes and Mary Ann Mock, sisters, married Robert Jentry and Edward West. John Mock came to 1852 with wife and two children. John Mock, born 23 October 1821 in Tennessee, married Margaret E. Rogers 25 January 1849 in Georgia. Goodspeed (1889) states he came as a young man to Washington County, Arkansas, then on to Texas, back to Tennessee, then to northern Georgia and finally to the Viney Grove community to be near his two sisters. They had eight children, the youngest being Will Hugh Mock, born 24 July 1874, died 22 July 1971, who was a well-known doctor in Prairie Grove and Fayetteville.

Hugh Rogers, 1797-1893, and wife Martha W. McWhorter, 1800 -1873, (buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery), was an early settler in Pendleton, South Carolina, then to Hall County, Georgia. He came with his family to Viney Grove in 1852 and bought land near his son-in-law, John Mock. His daughter, Martha L.P. Rogers, would marry (second wife) Robert Jentry West. His son, Dr. Samuel Ed Rogers, married Julia Ann West.

Dr. W. H. Mock

They were hard-working prosperous farmers, but their peaceful lives would be disrupted in 1861. The Battle of Prairie Grove 7 December 1862 was fought on and around their farms, their homes sacked and some burned. The two-story home of Robert Jentry West on a hill overlooking the entire battlefield would be saved as it was used as headquarters by General Blunt (Federal) then later as a hospital. With the establishment of the Federal garrison in Fayetteville in 1863, all able-bodied boys and men were forced to leave or bne conscripted. The wives, children and old men who stayed would be continually harassed by the Federals looking for food supplies and livestock, or by the never-ceasing forays of bushwhackers who looted and burned. Robert Jentry West's grandson (living today on grandfather's farm in Prairie Grove) remembers being told as a child that his grandfather loaded wagons with tools and possessions and with his slaves went to Georgia. After the war he left those wagons and tools with his slaves for their livelihood and returned to his farm to start over. (See Grandma Mock Remembers, *FLASHBACK*, November 1975).

All the data and history on Thomas West's descendants and collateral lines could not be given, as this would have been too lengthy. Recognition is due Col. Robert D. Skelton's wife, Mary, of Marietta, Georgia for valuable assistance on the Wests of Viney Grove, and to Warren Reed West's wife, Pauline, of Knoxville, Tennessee for data gathered over a period of 35 years.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES MICROFILM LOAN PROGRAM

The Society has received the following communication from the National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration:

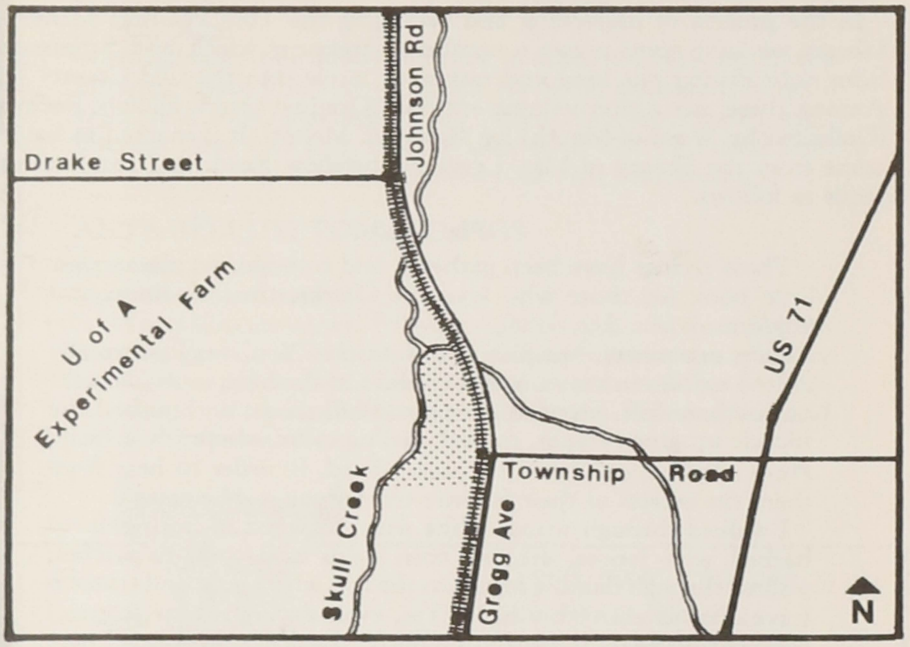
Several months ago we notified you of the effects of budget and staff reductions in the interlibrary loan of National Archives microfilm from the Fort Worth Federal Archives and Records Center. Since then, through management initiatives, we increased the level of service, circulating 35,000 rolls of film a month. It is now clear, however, that in order to meet new budget goals, we will have to make additional personnel reductions. The equivalent of 181 full-time positions in the National Archives and Records Service must be eliminated by February 1982.

We regret that the interlibrary loan of National Archives microfilm from Fort Worth must be discontinued...We are exploring ways that this service might be resumed on a fee basis by a private sector firm. We have maintained records of all libraries that have borrowed the film from Fort Worth and will announce future developments.

We appreciate your patience and cooperation as we have worked together to provide the public with this very popular service. More than 1½ million rolls of film have been loaned since 1971, when the service began. We ask your further cooperation in the coming weeks in seeing that all microfilm is returned to Fort Worth. In the meantime, we ask all those who can do so to use the microfilm in reading rooms at the National Archives Building and in the 11 Federal Archives and Records Centers around the country, or to purchase the film at a price of $15 per roll from the Publications Sales Branch (NEPS), NARS, Washington, DC, 20408.

PIONEER HORTICULTURIST UPDATE

Refer back to lead story, page 1



"...Land that lies in the forks of the branches including my house and garden supposed to be twenty or twenty-five acres more or less..."

Today the antebellum garden spot known as Smith's Flower Garden is largely occupied by parking lots and warehouses. However, within the overgrown thicket bordering Skull Creek, daffodils and remnants of "my beautiful Pyrus japonica hedge" continue to usher in Spring as they have for nearly fifty years.

As a final note, it is interesting to realize that Jacob Smith's first letter published in the August 1, 1852 issue of *The Horticulturist* appeared in the last issue personally edited by A.J. Downing. Just one week prior to that, on July 25, 1852, Downing's brief life ended at age 37 in a tragic steamboat accident on the Hudson River.

OLD-TIME RECIPES

In the process of unpacking and arranging the Tom Feathers Memorial Library we have come across a number of treasures which had disappeared from sight during our long and traumatic move into the Old County Jail. Among these was a slim volume entitled "Original Ozark Hillfolk Recipes" (Collected by Word-of-Mouth) by Maria M. Melton. It is marked as having come from the library of Mrs. Lessie Stringfellow Read, and the foreword reads as follows:

For You!

These recipes have been gathered and compiled in this modest little book for those who love the Ozarks, their tradition and folklore.

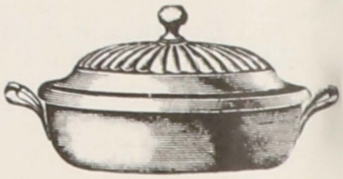
I am not weary, but just a bit footsore. You see, I personally visited natives in the remotest crevices of the hills, crossed creeks on my bare feet, bicycled over dusty hill roads, and pushed the bicycle up green slopes, to find the log cabin where I had heard Aunt Martha, or Granny Johnson lived, in order to hear from them the secrets of their favorite old recipes.

I walked through woods white with dogwood in Spring, lifted barbed wire fences, crossed corn fields and tomato patches; walked through flaming forests in the fall, where gold and crimson leaves rained above my head. Yes, even through snow storms I tramped, to hear "by word of mouth" these recipes which I here offer you as the harvest of my work of love — Hope you enjoy this!

Maria

Our new office secretary, a recent bride, has suggested that the Washington County Historical Society should make an effort to collect some of the old family recipes from this area which have been handed down. Do you have some? Would you like to see them published in a cookbook devoted to cooking in these hills in the old days? If so, please send them to us and if we get enough we'll print a book.

Here are recipes from Maria Melton's book:



PIONEER SQUIRREL PIE

Two squirrels
Two slices salt pork
Flour and water

Clean two squirrels. Cut into pieces. Wipe with damp cloth. Put in pan with two slices salt pork and water to nearly cover. Cook until half done. Season thickened gravy. Pour into deep dish. Cover with pie crust and bake thirty minutes.

OZARK CABBAGE PIE

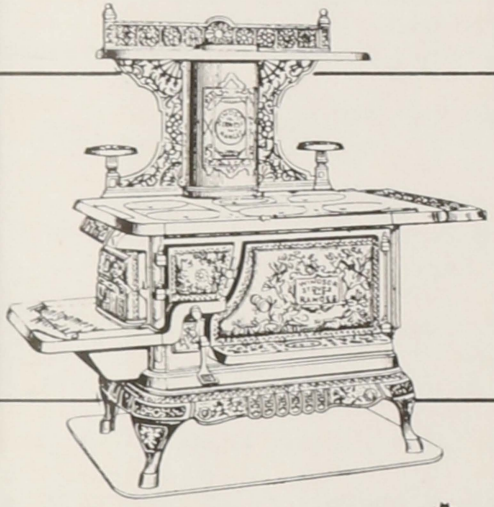
1 head cabbage
3 cups milk
1 cup cabbage liquid
1/3 cup sugar
1 cup pureed cabbage
4 beaten eggs
1 pinch nutmeg

Shred cabbage (one quart) and cook in salted boiling water fifteen minutes. Drain and reserve liquid. Force the cabbage through a sieve. Mix milk, cabbage liquid, pureed cabbage, beaten eggs, nutmeg. Pour into pan, bake in slow oven (300° F.) until firm. Serve hot or cold. Delicious served cold with sour cream.

ANTE-BELLUM TOMATO FIGS

8 pounds tomatoes
3 pounds brown sugar

Scald and skin tomatoes. To every eight pounds add three pounds brown sugar. Cook without water until sugar penetrates and they have a clear appearance. Take out and spread on dishes and dry in sun, sprinkling on a little syrup while drying. Pack in boxes and layers with powered sugar between.



Send your recipes
to Anne Speed,
Office Secretary,

Washington County
Historical Society,
30 South College,
Fayetteville, AR 72701

Do you have
a good story about
Washington County's
early history?
FLASHBACK needs it!

MORE EARLY MARRIAGES

by Lloyd McConnell

John Greathouse married Lydia Rankin in Pyeatt Township. The date was December 11, 1834.

Thomas Rutherford and Susannah Frost were married in Fayetteville on December 31st, 1835.

Lieut. G.J. Rains and Mary Jane McClellan were married on October 1, 1835. The address was Choctaw Agency.

Also in Choctaw Agency, John Gregg and Martha Ellen McClellan were married on Nivember 25, 1835.

Col. Robert B. Gibson married Mrs. Sally Higgs, Crawford County, on December 8, 1835.

James S. Hukill and Elizabeth Shannon, Vineyard Township, were married on March 11, 1836.

On March 5, 1836, J. Musgrave and Elizabeth Robinson were married. The couple was from Vineyard Township.

Calvin G. Cole and Elvyre Reeder, Illinois Township, had their wedding on May 19, 1836.

In 1836, Mary Rogers and John Reed were married.

In 1836, Obediah Seay married Nancy E. Dye of Cane Hill.

In 1836, Andrew Smith and Rebecca Coulter, Illinois Township couple, were married.

J.W. Stout and Elizabeth Brothers were married in 1836.

Archibald Yell and Mrs. Marie Fisklin, Jacksonville, Arkansas, were married on July 7, 1836.

Dr. T.C. Aiken and Jane Bean, Batesville, Ar, had their wedding in 1836.

Rev. A. Baird and Maria B. Springs, Batesville, Ar were in a wedding in 1836.

September 9, 1836 saw Henry A Engles and Martha Dillard enter into an Independence County marriage.

October 10, 1836 was the wedding day of Rev. G. Buchanan and Susan Jogan from Barry County, Missouri.

November 1, 1836, was the date for Alfred Wallace and Martha Howell of Pope County, Arkansas.

On February 16, 1837, Matthew Leeper and Lucy Elizabeth Washington were united in marriage.

Wiley B. Marrs and Elizabeth Davis, Mulberry, Arkansas, were wed on April 4, 1837.

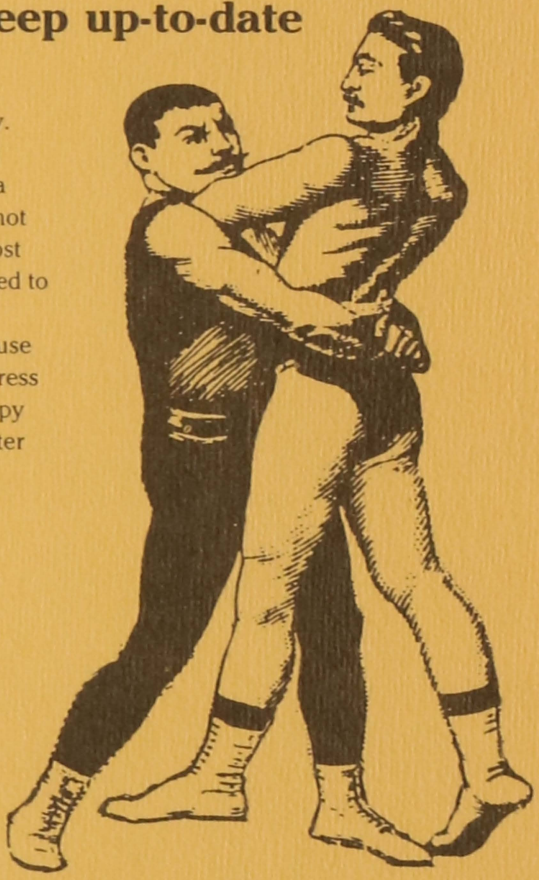
Wilbur D. Reagan and Cynthia Duncan, Carroll County, married on August 13, 1837.

August 24, 1837 saw John Joslin and Margaret White, Conway County, Arkansas, husband and wife.

Speer Titsworth and Susan Stalcup were in an October 1, 1837 wedding ceremony.

August 21, 1837 Col. John Henry married Sarah Adeline Parks in Franklin County, Arkansas.

We Wrestle all the Time with the Problems of Inaccurate or Changed Addresses

PLEASE
Help us to Keep up-to-date

Send us your new address immediately. *Flashback* is mailed under the terms of a bulk permit and is not forwarded by the Post Office. We were forced to give up guaranteed return postage because of costs. If your address is incorrect, your copy goes to the dead letter office.